INTERNATIONAL
club

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VOLUME 14 NUMBER 3
PUBLISHED BY
PAUL RAYMOND
£1.20

ITALY Lire 6500
FRANCE Francs 40
AUSTRIA AS 75
SWITZERLAND Francs 6.5
SPAIN Ptas 525
GERMANY DM 16.60

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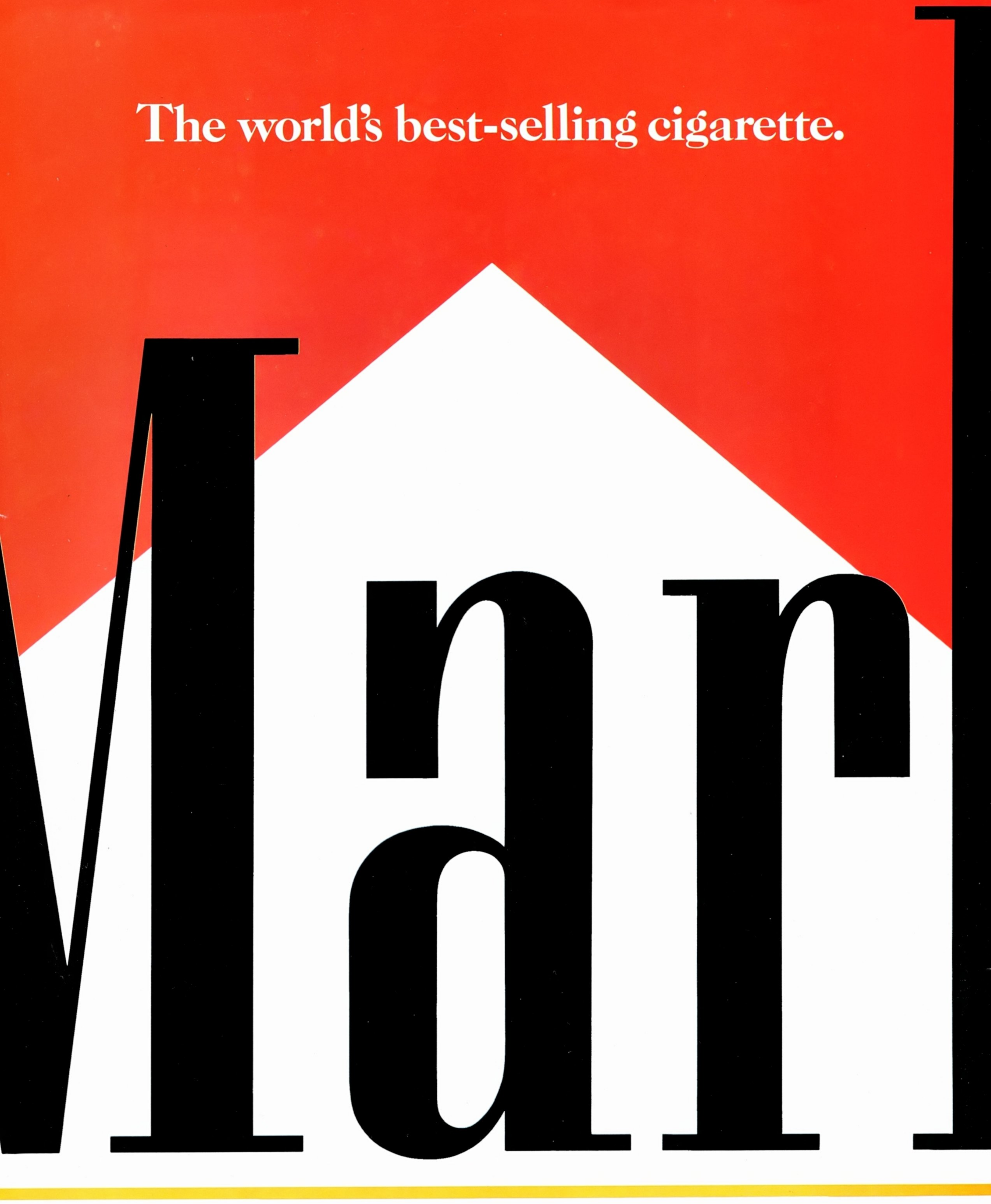
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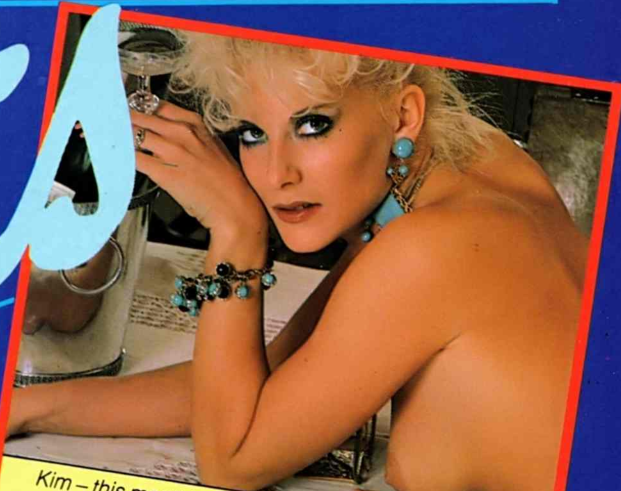
club Contents


Kim – this month's centrefold sensation on page 44

READERS' WRITES Page 4
Your Letters

JAN Page 8
Photos by Ian Potter

LIFE WITH LINZI Page 14
Linzi Drew

ZARA Page 24
Photos by Robert Lorraine

SKETCH CLUB Page 30
Saucy Cartoons

CLUB PORTRAIT Page 32
Tym Manley talks to Clayton Howard

CLUB CATWALK Page 38
Photos by Janet Worth

KIM Page 44
Photos by Serge Jacques

Cutie on the Catwalk – page 38

Big is beautiful. See page 64 for proof

ONE-EYED DICK Page 52
By Raymond Handler

MICHELLE Page 58
Photos by Hubertus Blume

DANUTA Page 64
Photos by Peter Marchant

CLUB BIKER Page 72
Debbie Elliott

STEPHANIE Page 76
Photos by Sarah Joyce

WOMEN'S WRITES Page 82
Lady Readers' Indiscretions

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS Page 89
Readers' Wives

Publisher: Paul Raymond; **Editor:** David Dimmock; **Assistant Editor:** Robert McCabe; **Art Director:** Ian Midson; **Assistant Art Director:** Steve Beré; **Art Assistant:** Simon Beré; **Advertisement Director:** James Macleod; **Classified Advertisements:** Lisa Postchild; **Circulation Director:** Mike Stall; **Chief Executive and Legal Advisor:** Carl Snitcher

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Tel: 01-734 9191. Filmset by Crawley Composition Ltd, Crawley, Sussex. Colour by Colorscan, High Wycombe, printed Web Offset by HunterPrint Group Plc, Corby, Northants. Fiction; all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk, and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, nor its agents, accept liability for loss or damage. Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7OE (West Drayton 4405). Telex 8813787 COMAG G. © March 1985.

READERS WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2·Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Top Mag

Just a note from a male chauvinist (middle age-type) who thinks your mag is tops.

I thought I must write and express my congratulations on your Vol 13 No 12 issue. There are so many beautiful girls to choose from.

Trudy's second showing was what men really go for. She has two of the largest, yet best-shaped, breasts I have ever seen. I would like to see her in a short, pink, see-through nightie, with lace edging. It would be a delight to see her conical, pink nipples pointing through the flimsy material. Add no knickers and the highest of high heels, and this would make my cock rampant (oh to sample her delights!).

When it comes to class, Dallas will take some beating (what a *ride*!) – very good-looking, and smartly attired in black. I like her legs and arse (which I would love to spank) even more than Trudy's, and when I saw her refined-looking cunt, my prick shot up in ecstasy. I went off to bed early and had a real good wank. I woke up in the night and pulled it again.

I lift my heart in thanksgivings to Club. *John, Walsall*

Trudy is what men really go for

Winter Warmer

My girlfriend was a virgin until I met her about three months ago, but now she knows what she's been missing for 19 years and can't get enough of it (suits me fine).

One of the best fucks we've had was just recently, when she came to my place for Sunday dinner. And, as is usual with my Mum's Sunday dinner, we ended up eating far too much. My girlfriend, Denise, and I decided to go for a walk to work off our excesses.

We found ourselves out and about on one of the coldest nights of the year: to say it was bloody freezing is putting it mildly. It was so cold, the chill hurt our lungs every time we breathed. We took a walk along by the river, which – not surprisingly on a night like that – was absolutely deserted.

After a vigorous walk, we stopped to catch our breath back. Without warning, Denise said: 'Take your cock out.'

I was taken aback. I said: 'What? You must be joking! It's so freezing, I'd need tweezers to even find it!'

But she persisted. She put her hand in between my legs, and said: 'Go on; I want to see it.'

I gave in. At first, I wished I hadn't, because I was embarrassed when I saw how tiny and shrivelled it looked. Her freezing-cold hand on it didn't help it any either.

Denise smiled at me, and I had to grin too, because I thought the whole thing was just a stupid waste of time. But when she leaned forward and kissed it, there was some sign of life. Denise seized the opportunity with both hands (well, her right one, anyway) and made sure the momentum continued.

I was starting to enjoy this. I pulled her into me, and felt her cold face next to mine. As I did that, we were startled by a dog trotting past us. Just as well – it gave us some warning the owner wasn't far behind, and, sure enough, a man sauntered into view from the darkness just a few yards behind. We continued to embrace tightly as he passed, my icy-cold pecker jammed out of sight between Denise's legs. Her thighs squeezed it tightly.

That did it. When the man had gone, I pulled down her jogging trousers, slid my hand into her panties to make sure she was wet, and then yanked them off as well.

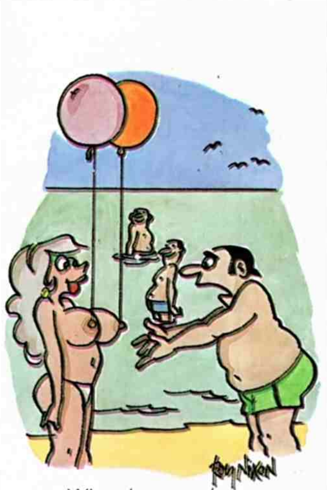
I guided myself into her hole and proceeded to pump away at a fantastic rate. And I didn't hang around – I came before a minute had passed. To relieve her, I led her to a bench seat further along the bank. While she sat on it, I kneeled on the ground in front of her, put her legs over my shoulders and gave her shaven cunt the licking of its life.

Satisfied, we made our way back to the house, where we were hungry enough to eat the sandwiches my Mum had just finished making. It's amazing what a good shag does for the appetite. *Gregor, Pitlochry*

Triple Tonic

I'm writing to tell you about a most memorable weekend I experienced a few months ago.

I'd just bought my own house, and, not knowing many local people, I decided to invite a couple of old girlfriends up from Bristol for the weekend. After I told them it would be a weekend of free drinking and naughty movies, they had ar-



Why do you always have to draw attention to yourself?

Dallas – stocking queen and creator of fantasies

rived within the hour, much to my delight.

I was just about to jump into the bath when they came, so I poured them both a large gin and tonic and went to the bathroom to carry on with my bathing.

By the time I'd finished, Sue and Anne were in a very relaxed mood, thanks to my bottle of export gin! As I poured myself a drink, I noticed Sue was looking at me and nudging Anne at the same time. I was slightly concerned by this gesture, until Sue said: 'Is that what you use to stir the drinks with?' as she pointed to my cock, which was hanging happily from my dressing gown.

I laughed and gave them a flash. That spurred them into action. Sue jumped up and started to pull at my balls, calling to Anne to fetch some ice cream from the fridge. Next thing I knew, it was smeared all over my cock and balls.

No sooner was this cold substance on, though, than a warm, soft mouth sucked it off again. I knew then I was in for a night of what I'd always wanted – two girls doing the complete works.

After a few more drinks, we decided to carry on the fun in my bedroom. I took a bottle of wine with me, and, as they undressed each other, I poured it over their cunts and bums.

Sue pulled me towards her and asked me to wank in front of her. This I did without any complaint, and it wasn't long before my hot sperm was running down her face. And Anne was quick off the mark to grab her share.

I then rolled Sue over on her back and inserted my wet prick into her wine-soaked pussy. As I did this, Anne was tickling my balls from behind and talking very dirty, which made me very randy. I was just ready to come again, when Anne stopped me and made me come inside her. This didn't please Sue, but I made sure she'd had her fair share by the time the night was over!

MS, Dorset

Stocking Queen

Oh, Dallas, Dallas, what a beauty you are!

You are the loveliest of creatures. You are a queen – a beauty queen, a stocking queen. Your poses are exquisite; as if the cleverest artist had put on to canvas the most perfect fantasies of the stocking fetishist.

We wondered what would be under that black dress. Knowing the erotic nature of the magazine, probably stocking tops and suspenders and some wisps of lingerie, but no: no lingerie, just the luscious nylons and your nudity. The nylons are delicious, Dallas. The tops are so narrow, they cut into the backs of your plump thighs like tight, satin ribbons, Darling.

You really know how to please with stockings by the way you clip your suspenders just into the sheer part of the nylon to give that tugging look.

We fantasize about you for our love play. We talk about a completely liberated society, where you could walk the warm streets in your stockings, nylons, shockings, stylons and stilettos; gloves and diamonds, with your thighs and bottom wobbling, men stopping to admire you and masturbating their free-swinging knobs, patting your bottom, kissing your young breasts, your gloved fingers kindly wanking your admirers.

Well, must go: there's someone under the table interfering with my skirt. I think John's in one of those across-the-lap bottom-smacking and seam-checking moods.

Christine and John, Cambridge

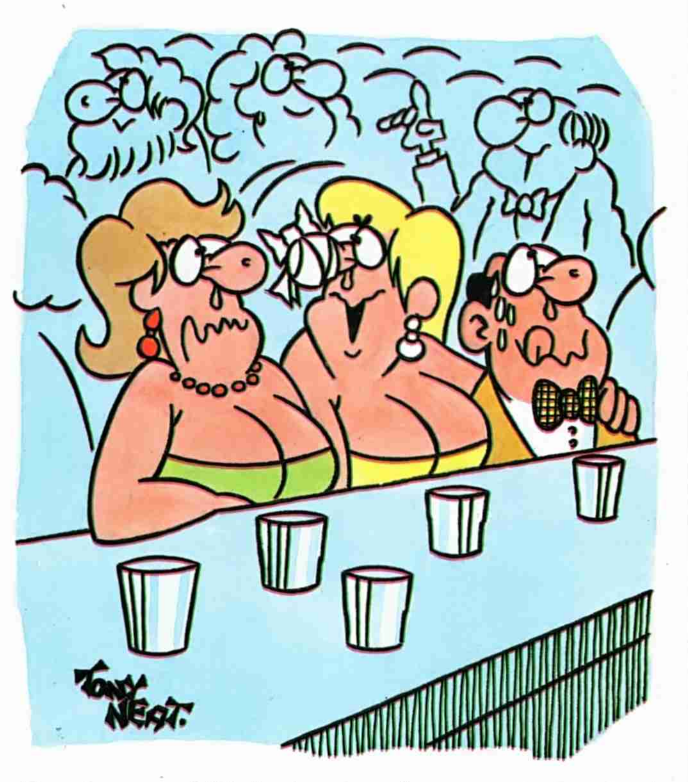
Back In Time

Fourteen years ago, when I started secondary school, I had an amazing crush on the girl sixth formers. But one of them in particular, Janet, had me mesmerized. She was simply gorgeous, divine, amazing etc. etc. It was fully two years after she'd left school before I could get her out of my mind.

Then, last year, me and a mate went into a Chinese restaurant in town, and, yes, you've guessed it; there she was, dining with a girlfriend. Although I hadn't seen her for about 13 years, I recognized her straight away, and the old stirring in the loins returned.

I introduced myself, and, to my amazement, she came out with all these anecdotes about how I used to follow her around at school. Well, one thing led to another and the four of us went off to a nightclub after we left the restaurant.

I'd landed on my feet. Janet had just separated from her husband, and if we hadn't had that chance meeting in the Chinese, someone else would have got in there and been asked to go with her to a



Your dear, sweet little husband needs a new pair of pants – I just caught my nose in his zipper

READERS WRITES

friend's party the following weekend. That was when I screwed her for the first time.

And I'm pleased to report she goes as good as she looks. At 32, she's in her prime, and still has the same sylph-like figure that was the cause of many a visit to the toilet all those years ago.

Every time I screw her, I still think of her as my sixth former, standing supervising the canteen queues with her tits pushing through her shirt, and her tight, short skirt showing off her juicy, nylon-encased thighs. And I love it when she taunts me about how she'll take me into the form room for a caning unless I do as she says. She's the stuff of which orgasms are made.

But I've got one over on her now. You see, I'm a teacher . . .

MT, Berkshire

Tight Fit

When I had my first real girlfriend, we were both new to sex, but both ready to learn.

She was a real good-looker, with lovely long legs, on which she always wore dark brown or dark grey tights. Nylon-clad legs have always been my fetish, and it was nice to know she loved wearing tights to turn me on.

I got off to a fine start with my favourite being, rubbing her nylon-encased cunt and legs. It wasn't long before we started jerking each other off, with me always coming over her legs.

We soon had our first fuck, but there was a problem: both of us were still living at home at the time, and parents could always come in unexpectedly, leading to my girlfriend frantically pulling on her knickers and tights.

One evening, we were sitting in my bedroom, longing for a fuck, but too scared to chance it, because my parents were watching TV. Suddenly, she said she had an idea, and went off to the bathroom. She returned, smiling, within a few minutes, and lifted her skirt. I clapped eyes on the most wonderful sight.

She had removed her knickers and cut a slit in the crotch of her tights. Her cunt stuck out in a bulge, surrounded by tight nylon.

Since that first encounter with crotchless tights, we've never looked back. She wears them all the time, meaning that, with a quick removal of her knickers, we're away . . . on trains, in 'phone boxes, in fact, anywhere we get the chance. We tried stockings and suspenders, but it just isn't the same. We always fuck with her in crotchless tights.

So, please, *please*, Club: let's have one of your models in a crotchless tights set. I know it'll be a winner with your readers – Linzi would be perfect.

Alan G, London

Worth The Wait

In Vol 13 No 6, you asked us if we wanted to see more of Trudy. At last our prayers were answered in No 12: why were we kept waiting so long?

The wait was worth it, though – legs and bum to match prize-winning boobs. Yes, I'm definitely a breast buff. One man's idea of Paradise: Club with Trudy and Linzi, as nude as nude can be, every month.

And how about inviting Linzi's (se)Xmas party girls to a Club dance studio for some (bare)robics? A seven-girl formation leg-spread in front of the wall mirror should do wonders for the male blood pressure!

GH, Hereford

(se)Xmas? (bare)robics? Ouch! – Ed.

Ladies First

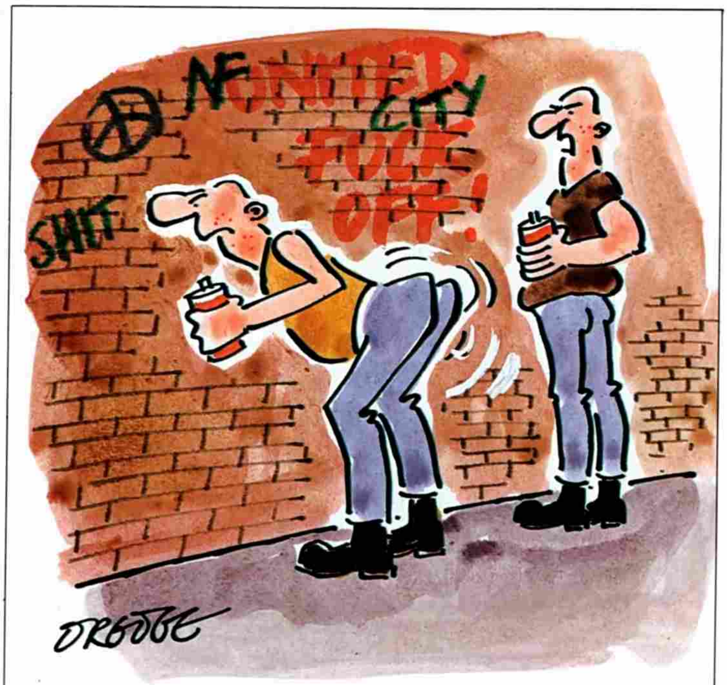
I don't know what it is about me. I'm not very good at chatting up girls, so you'd think I wouldn't have much success at getting off with them.

But, thankfully, I often seem to find myself in situations where the girl actually chats *me* up. In fact, the last three girls I've shagged have all made the first move, and in two of the cases, I wouldn't have thought I stood a chance. Such was the case with my present woman, Carol.

My mate and I went round to a new pub on its opening night, because they were offering cheap pints. It was well packed, so we found ourselves standing in a corner next to these three girls. They were all shagbags, but one in particular (Carol) caught my eye, probably because she was wearing the tightest leather skirt you ever saw in your life. And she had the figure to do it justice.

I noticed her looking at me with her gorgeous big, brown eyes, but I didn't think anything of it. I dunno; maybe I'm better-looking than the apparition I see in the bathroom mirror

continued on page 69



No, Sid – shake **aerosol** before use!

Gi

STEPHANIE

It's not often a properly-connected young gel from the Shires gets to feature in the improper likes of Club International, but as far as some chaps are concerned, haughtiness is next to sexiness. Well, I dare say there are those who would like nothing more than to have this shapely 19-year-old farmer's daughter tog-up in jodhpurs and riding boots and thrash their naughty bottoms with a riding crop, but I can categorically state that such pseudo upper-class sexual anomalies are not this delectable young lady's idea of fun. I should also warn those with ignoble intentions that Stephanie's boyfriend is currently serving with the Greens & Howards (albeit posted in Cyprus) and that her naked interlude in Club is strictly – so I am instructed to say – by way of a jape. In between bouts of public pussy-flashing and workouts at the Dance Centre, Stephanie (a product o Upper Chine and Swiss finishin school) is busy studying anima husbandry under the watchful eye o her father, himself a qualified veter inary surgeon. However, hailin from the landed gentry allow Stephanie more freedom of mov ment than today's average caree bound County girl, and she's eve bit at home at *Annabel's* as in t drawing room of the family's imp ing Tudor mansion at Fordi bridge. She gets around – but in t nicest way possible. **Stephani classy set is on page 76.**

l Talk

ZARA

In a word, fresh. The sort of girl whose vibrant personality would win the day even if she were shaped like the proverbial sack of potatoes, which as the pics on page 24 emphatically reveal, she is not. And it's this self-same freshness which is getting this former fashion model from Coulsdon, Surrey, so much work. It's one thing having a body like Linda Lusardi or Samantha Fox. But if (as is so often the case nowadays) this God-given asset is teamed-up with an IQ in the vicinity of three, it really DOES show in the end product: there's something inexplicably unappealing about a naked lady who is so obviously THICK! Zara, on the other hand, is so bright and breezy you can't help but wonder what she's doing baring her bottom for a living. Fact is, the lovely lady admits to having a high sex drive (including a flair for 'anything exhibitionist') and is currently going through a 'video phase' with her latest boyfriend – making as opposed to watching, if you follow my drift. Well I guess anything's better than that worn-out copy of *Jaws*. . . **Get your teeth into Zara, beginning on page 24.**

MICHELLE

. . . ma (bleu) belle! No indeed, don't go letting those Pre-Raphaelite, narrowly post-pubescent looks fool you. For this disarmingly young-looking 25-year-old from Limoges is far from being one of Nature's innocents. She's appeared, for example, in mind-boggling explicit centrefolds in *Colour Climax* (in one, in the company of two awesomely endowed African gents) as well as in a whole series of 25-minute 'shorts' for the Damiano brothers – California's most illustrious pornographers. It was during this phase that she met up with none other than John Holmes, and was actually domiciled with The Dong at the time of his celebrated brush with the Law. Michelle's exploits have tamed considerably since then, though she describes her one and only screen-screw with Big John as 'an incredible experience – like having three men make love to you simultaneously'. Maybe experiencing these hedonistic excesses at such an early age has contributed to Michelle's avowed (not to say premature) intentions of 'settling down'. Leastways she's just bought a small flat in Swiss Cottage, London, and reports that she's 'even getting to like British men.' If ever a fellow needed encouragement . . . **Page 58 for the gorgeous Michelle.**

KIM

Hot damn. Streuth. Lawks A Mercy. With the looks of an angel and the body of a Grade A Vegas showgirl, Kim's a once-in-a-blue-moon centrefold. A natural, furthermore, blessed with a supreme self-confidence known only to that very small minority of girls who just KNOW they've got what it takes. Introduced to Club by a theatrical agent (Kim was resting after appearing in a long-running Dario Fo production), Kim asserted herself in no uncertain manner once in the studio and free of onlookers and hangers-on: stepping out of her panties, hiking her skirt, swivelling around on her high heels to show – as if by way of proof – that she was every bit as delectable underneath. 'I like to get in the mood,' she said, when it was confirmed what was expected of her. As she sat on a stool, thumbing through a Club back copy, she calmly moistened a fingertip, lifted her skirt yet again and shamelessly dibbled – to the amused astonishment of photographer and lighting boy. An outrageous lady, maybe. But as far as we professionals are concerned, simply bloody good at her job. **As you can see on page 44.**

JAN

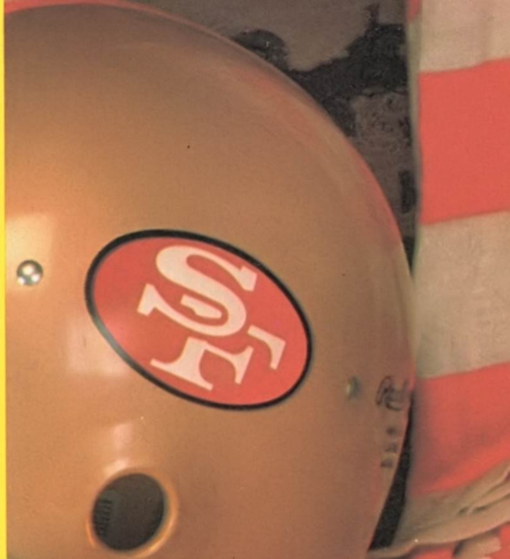
She's 22, a demon dancer, shameless socialite (though not a snob) and absolutely man-mad. She's also, when she puts her mind to it, a more than competent hair stylist and make-up artist. And businesswoman. You see, after just three years at a top Knightsbridge salon, Jan found she was on Christian name terms with so many showbiz (and music biz and media biz) folk, she put all their telephone numbers in a little blue book, opened her own salon a block away (cheeky!) and took their custom with her. Luckily, she emerged unscathed from a breach-of-contract lawsuit and business, she gleefully reports, is booming. The Club picture set? 'Frankly, I don't need the money. I did it as a nose-thumb to Sloane Street chic. I get as many male clients as female, guys who still remember the old Brylcreem and "Will there be anything else, Sir?" days. They feel intimidated by super trendy salons with taped reggae music and bizarrely-attired stylists. If a customer is paying £15 for a haircut, he deserves better treatment as well as a better haircut. I'm into anti-feminist chic, too – and I'm going to start leaving copies of Club International in Reception to prove it!' **See man-mad Jan on page 8.**

JAN

Photographs by Ian Potter

SAN FRANCISCO
9ERS
NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE, U.S.A.

SF
Cougar



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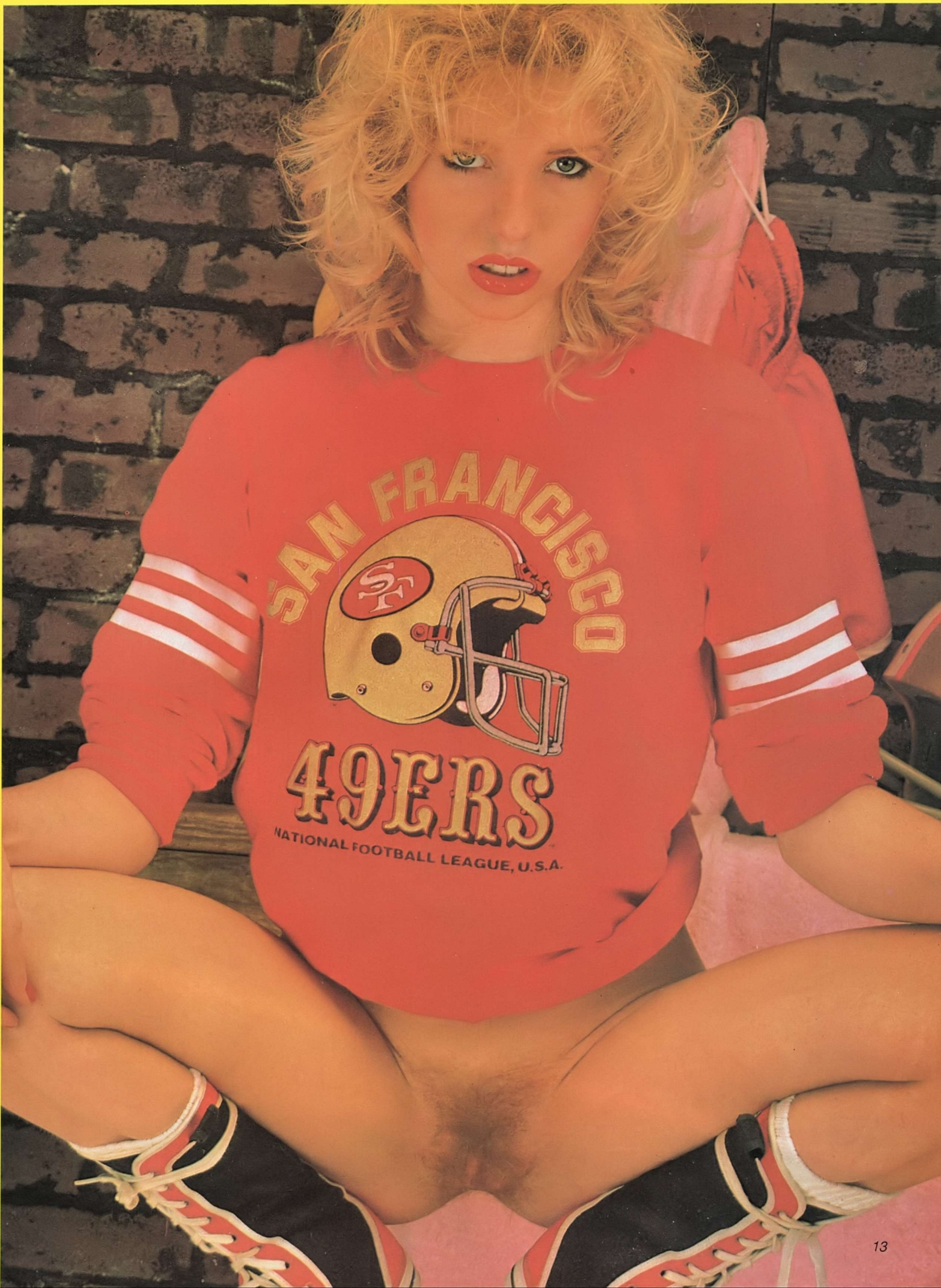
SAN FRANCISCO
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NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE, U.S.A.

LIFE WITH Linzi

This is the sight that'll meet your eyes if you ever wander into a First Class compartment occupied by me.

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

Breezy Brighton was blowing a gale when I invaded the south coast resort recently, but there were still a couple of loonies on the famous nude beach – and I was one of them!

The Club International photographer, Dave, wasn't the other one, let me add. No, it was a rather podgy middle-aged man, snoozing on his sunbed and sipping hot coffee to keep him warm. I hope he didn't spill any on his chilly genitals, as that wasn't the kind of 'hot stuff' he was looking for, I'm sure!

I did meet two charming French lads who were enthusiastically observing my photo session. When they wanted to be included in the photographs, I tried to get them to strip off as well, but the cunning Froggies pretended not to understand and hung onto their trousers for grim life when I tried to remove them!

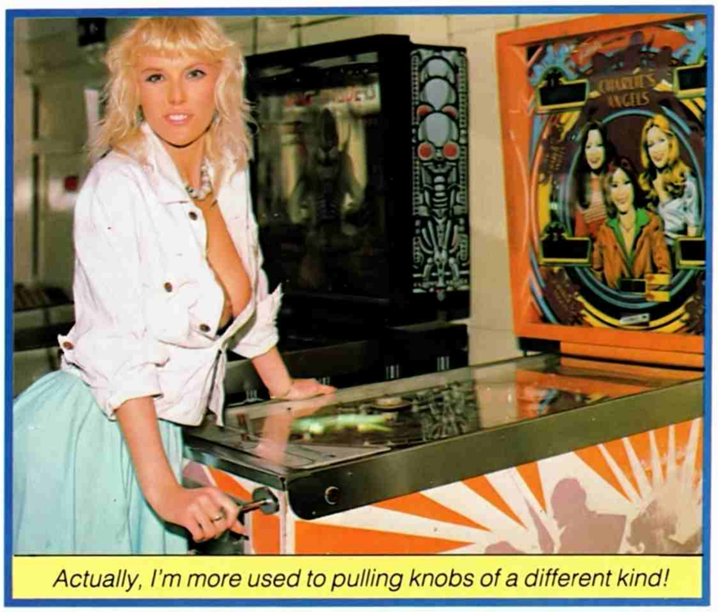
Popular Prize

I was actually in Brighton working at a computer show, which sounds terribly boring if you're not into computers (like myself), but I had a great time all the same. I was booked along with two other models, Liz and Laura, to run a competition on the ICL stand, giving away about 600 bottles of red wine – a very popular prize! The three of us together were incorrigible. I've worked at plenty of exhibitions before, which are usually swarming with tasty looking ladies, but at computer exhibitions, they don't usually go in for that sort of thing.

So, as you can imagine, we caused quite a stir, dressed in our tight, white mini dresses. The men were simply drooling! At one point, one of the computer companies flashed a big neon sign on its screen which read: 'Are the ICL girls wearing any knickers?' We weren't of course, much to the embarrassment of our boss, Andrew, who was a real sweetie.

Andrew was the exhibition's organizer; tall, blond and 25 years old (sounds a bit like me, 'cos I've got a birthday coming up soon!). I really quite fancied him, but I think I frightened him off a little, as Liz, Laura and I were always teasing him, and leading him on. He never quite knew whether or not to take any of us seriously.

Mind you I couldn't quite take *him* seriously when he came to our room one night, dressed in his colourful Hawaiian shorts, boasting of his triumphs in nobbly knee and hairy leg competitions in the past. I don't doubt they were true – you should have seen the state of his legs!



Actually, I'm more used to pulling knobs of a different kind!

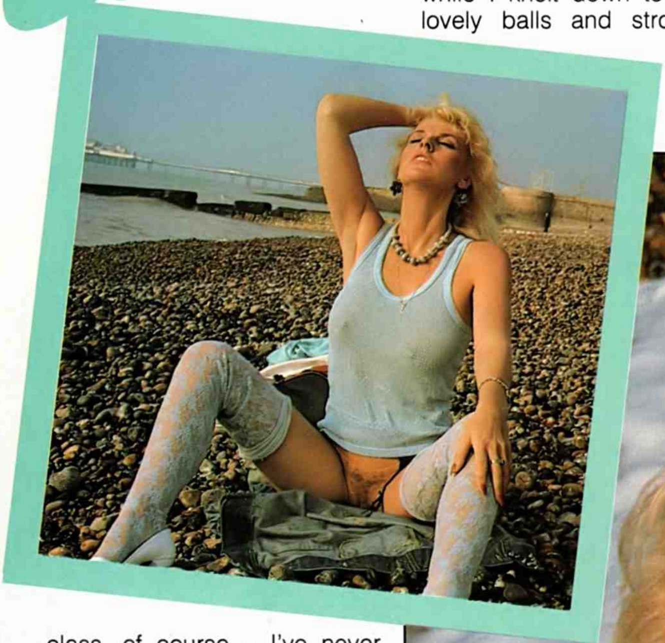
Rude Note

One night, when he went off with a girl he had met on the stand, desperately trying to get his leg over, Laura and I composed a very rude note and pushed it under his bedroom door. We both ran, starkers, down the hotel corridor to deliver it. It read: 'Andrew – come to our room later: we want to suck you and fuck you till your balls drop off! Love from the 3 Ls.'

We thought it would shock his lady friend and embarrass him no end, but our little plan backfired when we found out he'd switched rooms with the managing director! The managing director didn't come to our room though, but as his name wasn't Andrew of course, he hadn't really been invited! Luckily for us though, we were given the last day off, as they didn't want us to bump into the managing director after the naughty note episode. Too risqué!

Happily, I did manage to get my leg over in Brighton (surprise, surprise! – Ed.), or, I should say, en route to Brighton, courtesy of British Rail (first

LIFE WITH Linzi



class, of course – I've never done it any other way!). I had asked a friend to drive me to Victoria station to get the train to Brighton on Saturday afternoon. When I saw the cosy little first class compartments I thought it would be a super place for a screw, especially with the thought of the ticket collector popping in at any moment.

I didn't fancy pulling the guard, so I persuaded James, my friend, to come along for the 'ride!' He didn't take much persuading. I was wearing a very flared skirt, complete with a tight T-shirt, no bra, stockings, suspenders and no knickers. All I had to do was give James a quick flash of my pussy to tempt him on the train!

Added Bonus

We found an empty carriage near the far end of the train, but decided to wait until we'd left the station before starting our rudies. Not through modesty, just that we thought that the rhythm of the train might be an added bonus!

As soon as we pulled out of the station, James hoisted up my skirt, started nibbling my thighs and finger-fucking my pussy to make it really wet and juicy. I begged him to lick me, and he did, pulling my pussy lips wide open and moving his tongue up and down my clit.

I lay back on the seat and pulled up my T-shirt so he could suck my excited, swollen nipples. I undid his jeans, and out popped his lovely cock. I'd sampled his delights many times before, but I couldn't wait to do so again.

James walked over to the window, and leant against it, while I knelt down to lick his lovely balls and stroke that rock-hard shaft. We were both good and ready now, so we swapped places. I was against the window, my bare bum resting on the cool glass, sending shivers down my spine. It felt good, but not half as good as when he lifted me on to his stiff cock, which he slowly sank into my excited, wet pussy.

Mind-blowing

Each thrust pushed me hard against the window, as we clung together to reach a mind-blowing mutual orgasm. And not a minute too soon: as I glanced around, we were just pulling into East Croydon station! Whatever must people have thought as we whizzed through Clapham Junction?

There was even time for another quickie at Gatwick. This time, we were much more discreet, as there were hordes of people about. You've heard of the corny old saying 'sit on my lap, and we'll talk about the first thing that pops up'! Well, that's exactly what we did, although we didn't talk about it

Nude sunbathing is a pure delight (although, in Brighton, it was more like nude sunless bathing!).

too much – just the odd dirty phrase (which I love).

James hoisted up my skirt again, and I straddled him, sat down on his lap, eased his lovely long willy back into my already spunky pussy, and rode him very gently. We were dying for the ticket collector to walk in and catch us at it, but no such luck. But we did manage to fool plenty of fellow passengers who passed by our steamy carriage, oblivious to the naughty activities within!

Well, we finally made it there (to Brighton I mean!). James fucked off back to London, and I fucked off to work. You could say I was raring to go – as usual.

Sexy Weekend

That trip to Brighton was the first time I'd visited the area in almost a year. I had happy memories from the time I spent a very sexy weekend in a beautiful little country cottage in a picturesque village just a few miles from Brighton.

It hadn't been a planned

Two bashful – and extremely fully-dressed – French beach-combers.

LIFE WITH Linzi

affair. I had gone out one Thursday evening to a night club with a few other models. Well, I managed to pull this very hunky guy called Tommy, who whisked me off that night to his weekend retreat. I'm really into these pretty old houses, especially cottages, and this one was a real delight. The only drawback I found was all those low beams – I kept walking into the bloody things, and ending up with a raging headache! Mind you I wasn't going to let a little thing like a headache stop all the fun!

Our first night together (I say 'night' although we didn't arrive there till almost five in the morning) was a lovely, sleepy fuck followed by huge cuddles for as long as we were in bed.

When I awoke much later the same morning, Tommy wasn't beside me. I found a note he'd left me on his pillow, telling me he had gone to Brighton to buy me some clothes to wear. It was only then I realized all I had with me was my skimpy mini dress that I'd worn on my night out on the 'razzle'! I got up and had a relaxing bath in his beautiful Victorian-style bathroom. Just as I was drying myself, Tommy arrived back at the cottage, beaming all over his face. I didn't get to see my new gear straight away, as Tommy bent me straight over his best Victorian bath and gave me a good, hard fucking. A great way to start the day, I can tell you!

We both ended up back in the bath – I was so crinkly skinned by the time I got out, as I'd spent about two full hours in there, apart from an interlude for another vigorous fuck!

Anyway, Tommy took me off into the master bedroom, where he made me close my eyes. He laid out all my new clothes on the bed. When he finally let me take a look, I laughed with pleasure. All the randy bastard had bought me was a beautiful silk camisole, a pure lace dressing gown, stockings, suspenders and a pair of spiky ankle boots with five-inch heels! So you can quite imagine the kind of weekend we had! From that Friday morning till we left on Sunday evening we were at it non-stop.

Different Position

Unfortunately, we both had to work on Monday, so our weekend of fun had to come to an end. I really needed a few days' rest after that, as Tommy had screwed me so many times, in so many different positions, I could hardly walk!

Back to the present, lads,

Those boots might look nice, but they most certainly were not *made for walking!*

and I've been 'doing it' a lot recently (working, that is!). A really funny thing happened to me the week I returned from the last visit to Brighton, when I was working on The *Cannon and Ball* Show again.

I was in the very first part of the show, when Tommy and Bobby first come on to say hello. Bobby had a carrier bag stuck on his head. When Tommy pulled it off, Bobby had this huge stick-on nose – supposedly plastic surgery, but I knew it was mortician's wax! He boasted of his instant sex appeal and called me on to the stage to prove it. We were supposed to go into a clinch, and when we'd finished snogging, his nose was meant to be splattered all over his face.

Huge Nose

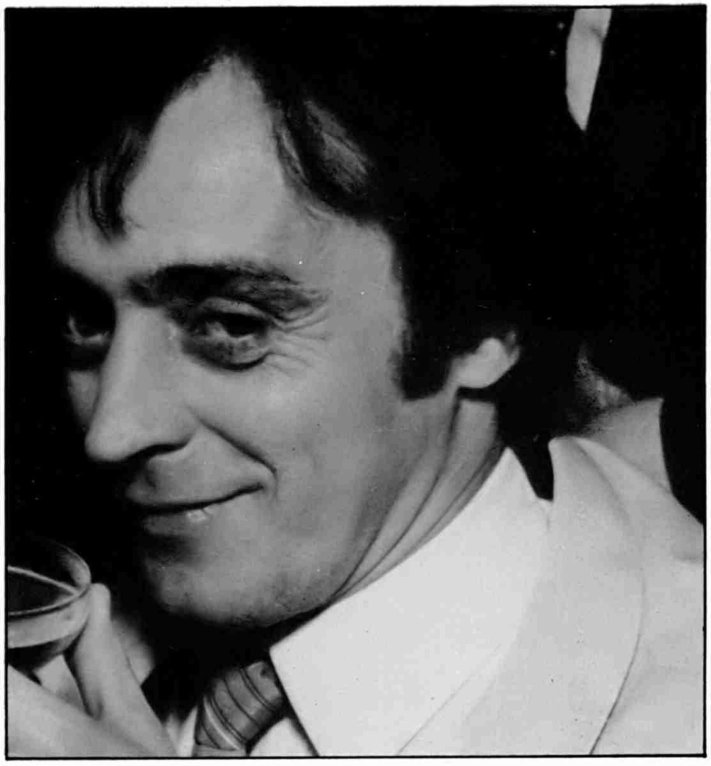
That didn't quite happen! Instead of being splattered all over Bobby's face, *I* had a huge long nose! This was all filmed to a live studio audience who were in stitches, especially when Bobby chucked the nose into the audience, shouting: 'What happened to me piggin' nose, you stupid persons?'

Another TV show I have been working on recently is a comedy series called *Go For It.* I played a gospel singer with an Andy Williams impersonator who sang *May Each Day.* At this point, I stripped off my long gown to reveal a sexy waspie, complete with black stockings and suspenders,

The other sketch I was in wasn't quite so glamorous. I was dressed as a cowgirl in a white leather fringed outfit, finished off with a large plastic rose in my mouth. When the Slim Whitman impersonator sang *Rose Marie*, and removed the rose, out came a set of false

‘THE USUAL PROBLEMS OF MAN MEETS WOMAN’

* solved by Dateline!



Michael Wheeler is an articulate, good-looking businessman in his mid-thirties. Born and bred in London, his work has taken him all over the world. Despite his busy life-style he found time to marry, but unfortunately his marriage failed and he found himself back in London, trying to rebuild his social life.

‘My cousin, who lives in London, suggested that I should join Dateline. I must admit, I found the idea appealing because I was aware of Dateline. In fact, I had been a member way back in the sixties. I found no great romantic successes at that time but many, shall we say, nice encounters, so when my cousin suggested the idea again I thought ‘Why not, I’m only going to live once, why not make the best of it?’

Michael didn’t join Dateline to find ‘the woman of my dreams’. ‘I joined because after a long absence from a city like London you tend to find that your friends and acquaintances have married or moved away. Although I obviously missed female company, I also found that I had no circle of friends left at all.’

‘When my first list of names from Dateline arrived and I began to receive calls from women with whom I had been matched on the computer, my social life improved out of all recognition almost overnight! My only problem was time, because all of the women I spoke to were so pleasant that I felt I had to meet them. In the event, I met four from my first list of names. Two I felt I could quite happily be friends with; the other two meant rather more.’

Michael doesn’t mind people knowing he is a member of Dateline. ‘There’s not the adverse reaction from family and friends that I think some people may expect,’ he said. ‘I did perhaps feel, as many people probably do, that there’s some sort of stigma about admitting to feeling lonely. But that’s rubbish as loneliness affects every person at some stage of their life, no matter what their circumstances. It’s something that has to be overcome by any means available to us. Dateline may sound cold-blooded to some people, but I have found it certainly isn’t. It may perhaps be more socially acceptable to meet people of the opposite sex in pubs or clubs, but really Dateline wins above those places. I don’t like competing with smoke and noise, and it’s far nicer to know that the woman you’re telephoning has the interests and desires you’re looking for. It provides a basic understanding before you even say hello. Obviously, all the usual problems of man meets woman are still there, but you have conquered quite a few of the barriers that so often make a relationship fail before its really started.’

He stopped to consider for a moment. ‘I don’t know what you need from life. All I really want is happiness, and a large part of the happiness I seek is the happiness that can be gained from the relationship between a man and a woman. At least two of the women I have met directly through Dateline have become friends and it’s good to know that if I am at a loose end there’s someone I can ’phone for a chat or to arrange an evening out.’

Michael has recently suspended his membership of Dateline. He has met a young woman who is a friend of one of his Dateline introductions. Their relationship has blossomed into love and they are now engaged to be married.

If you would like to be one of the many thousands of people nationwide who have been enjoying a new social life, and finding love and happiness through Dateline, complete the simple questionnaire below. We will send you confidentially and completely free, full details about Dateline and how it works, and details of just one of the Dateline members who are compatible with you. Send to:

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Dateline

LIFE WITH Linzi

teeth. Meanwhile, I smiled gummily to the camera! It isn't all glamour you know. Mind you, it is always fun! And if you lot are all having fun, do write and let me know; I want all the saucy details!

Next month I'll be busy decorating my flat, so if I manage to get hold of any of those macho builders, I'll tell you all about it! Letters from macho builders will be especially welcome in the next month! Till next time, be good.

Linzi

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I'm a Brazilian student, with a scholarship to study in Britain.

I'm living in Liverpool, and feeling very lonely: I'm sure you would make a good escort. I've been reading your articles in Club International. You are a beautiful girl; different from the majority of British girls.

Here's a poem for you. I'm sorry it is in my language, but please ask someone who can speak Portuguese to translate it for you, OK?

Linzi!
Quero Oferecer-lhe onze rosas,
Que Juntas a voce
Formarao a mais bela
Duzia de rosas existente neste
mundo!!

NS, Liverpool

Que? Anyone wanna translate this for me?

Dear Linzi,
I have always held back when it came to writing to you, because your lovely image keeps turning up in magazines and on TV, suggesting you are very busy and deservedly much in demand. You are, in my opinion, one of the, if not *the* most sexy of the current crop of models.

But your uniforms set (Vol 13 No 11) really 'hit the spot', as uniforms are my second favourite way of seeing the female form (the first being dominant poses in studded leather and stiletto high boots with a cat o' nine tails. If you have done any work in that sort of gear recently, I would be delighted if you could let me know).

I wish I had seen you on the Isle of Man during TT week, but you implied you were going next year, when you might be allowed to do a full strip. I've started making plans already: my own bike's in many pieces at the moment, but that isn't a permanent state of affairs. I would give anything to see as much of you as possible, my sexy angel (if angels have a sex, that is).

Jim, Oxfordshire

No doubt you'll have been in raptures over last month's 'dominant' pictures, Jim. And I shall definitely be performing a full striptease at this year's Miss Wet T-shirt competition at the TT. Hope you can make it!

Dear Linzi,
I just had to write to you after seeing you in uniform (Vol 13 No 11).

Ever since you first appeared in Club, the magazine has been an absolute must for me every month. You are absolutely fantastic; the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I keep every picture of you in a special album.

But, when I saw you in uniform, I was breathless: every picture is a pure delight. This is because my ultimate fantasy has always been a beautiful blonde girl with long legs wearing stockings, and dressed as a schoolgirl, nurse or maid – you've made my dream come true. You certainly know how to turn a bloke on.

Mark, Chelmsford

Your letter was a pure delight, Mark. Ta very much!

Dear Linzi,
Do you know if it's possible to have a cock transplant?

I think I'm going to need one, because mine's nearly dropping off after wanking virtually nonstop over those pictures of you in uniform (Vol 13 No 11). You've always been my favourite model, but those pictures of you with the school tie and licking a lollipop are the best ever, with your fantastic cunt and tits on show.

IR, Hull

I don't think you'll be able to get a cock transplant on the National Health, IR! Take my word for it – you'll be able to keep on pulling your plonker for as long and as often as you want to. And I hope you enjoy it! As for the uniforms, I've had so many letters about that set, I must repeat the exercise some time.

Dear Linzi,
We would love to fuck you. I wish you would come down and give us some lessons. You could have one up your cunt, in your mouth, in your hand and while one of us spunks over your gorgeous tits.

We have written four times to you and never had one published.

Russ, Jason, Steve, Gray, Rog, Tommy, Dave and John, Essex

What about sticking one in my ears and up my nose?! I don't believe you've written to me four times, 'cos I wouldn't forget a letter like this – you leary lot!

Dear Linzi,
I'd like to tell you about one of the sexiest things I've ever done.

I was feeling so kinky, I 'phoned up a masseuse who was offering her services in the back of a magazine. The girl answered the 'phone, and I calmly said: 'I'd like to make an appointment.' After she'd told me just to turn up as no appointment was needed, I plucked up the courage to ask: 'Do you do penis massage?'

'Yes, love, just come along!' was her reply. My genitals blasted into hard action, and soon the room reeked with the odour of my spunk.

An hour or so later, I arrived at the girl's shop, which was closed. However, she arrived at the door, asked me if I was the gentleman who had telephoned, and led me through to her front room. We shared her small, cramped sofa. She lay down, tits and cunt side down, inviting me to fondle her cute arse.

I happily obliged, making her squirm and groan with delight, and giving me a rock-hard erection at the same time.

After this episode, I turned my woman over and slid my tongue into her overpowering wetness, where I lapped up her succulent juices like an impatient desert hermit. We then went into a straightforward fucking ceremony.

This involved everything ever recorded, plus some beautiful new actions. We were both at the point of very heavy orgasms when we swiftly changed positions yet again: my cock was in her bouche, and her hot pride in mine. Greedily, we drank every vital drop of each other's deliciously tasty produce.

Since that day, I've never been hungry again, nor has she, my new sex companion.

Vincent, West Sussex

Well done, Vincent, you impatient desert hermit, you.

Dear Linzi,
I thought I'd just drop you a few modest lines to let you know I really enjoy your piece in Club International. To be honest, that's why I buy it every month. I have a photo album with all your monthly adventures in it.

The main reason why I like you more than anybody else is simple: you have a kind of honest sexuality and very special breasts. I always thought breasts were all alike, but no! – yours are different, unusual and very, very squeezable!

Barry, Newcastle

I bet you've got a lovely squeezable pair too, Barry . . .

**Address your letters to
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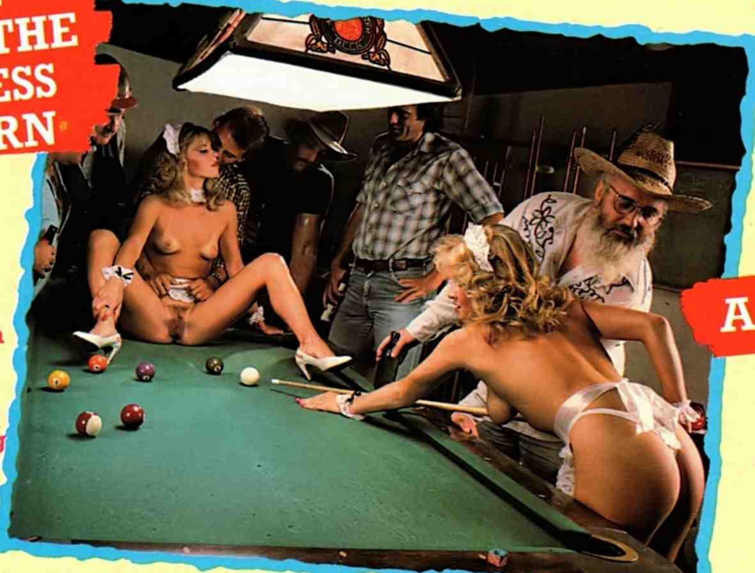

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Our High School girls get boffed in turn by the Pizza man – Yes, he really does deliver! These girls squeal with delight when he gets out his salami and porks them on the spot – it's a pizza cake!

Centrefold

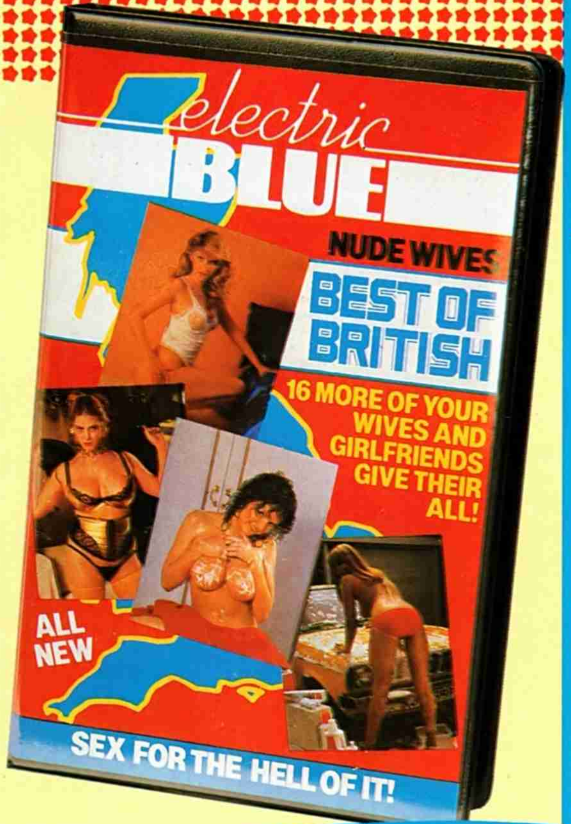
LISA

The dreams of a water nymph. This is a portrait, or rather the ins and outs, of the most heavenly body featured for many a month.

Centrefold

A REGENCY ROMANCE

Sophie and Sara succumb to a romance of corsets and crinolines as they rustle through each other's underwear. They giggle nervously as they discover and explore their firm, young bodies, bringing each other to a wild, wet climax.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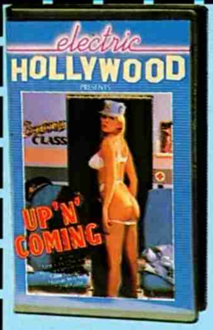
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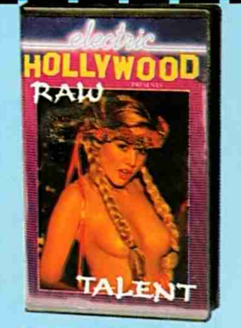
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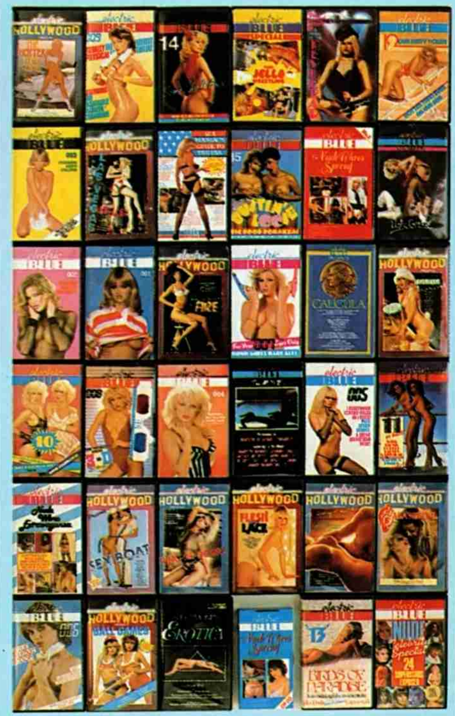

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Photographs by Robert Lorraine

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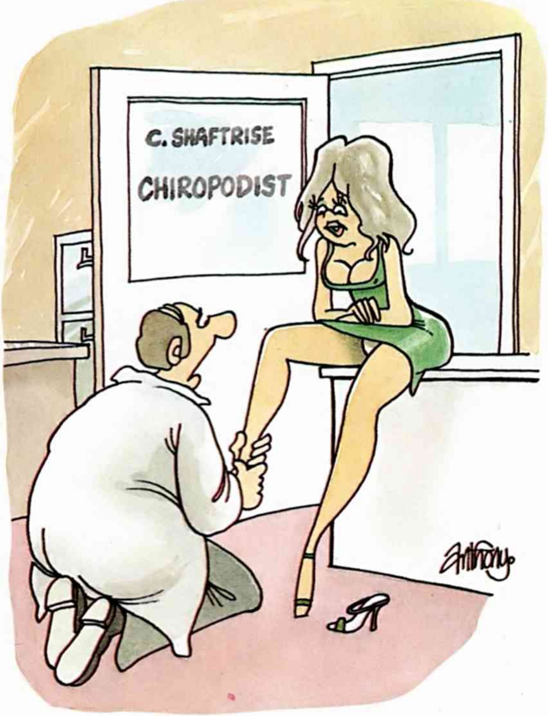
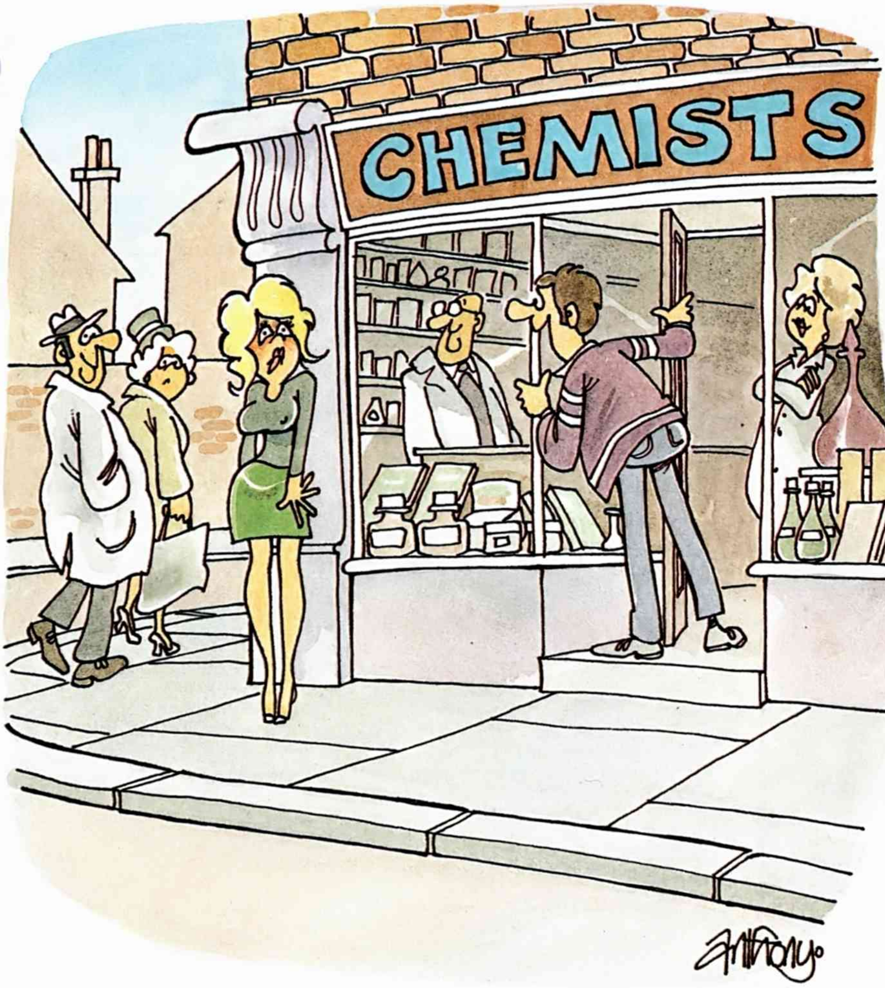
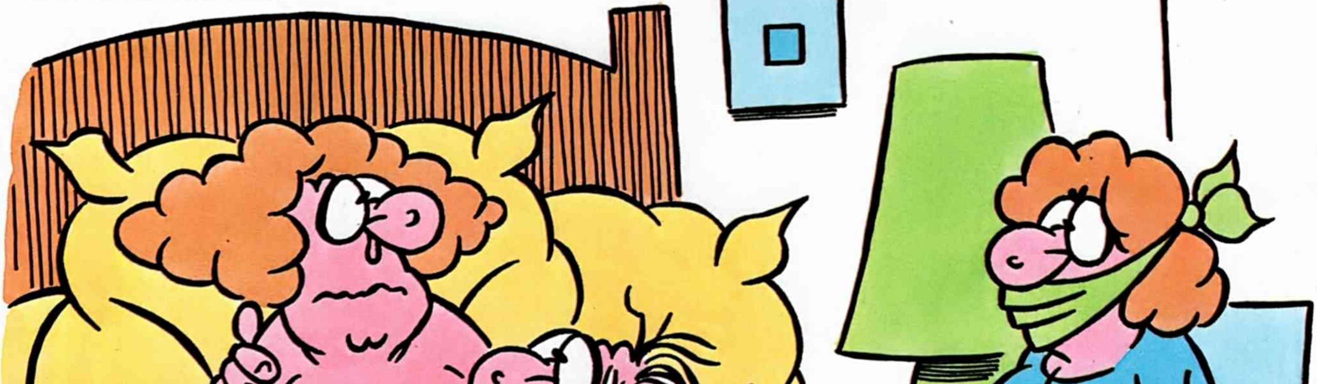

C. SHAFTRISE
CHIROPODIST

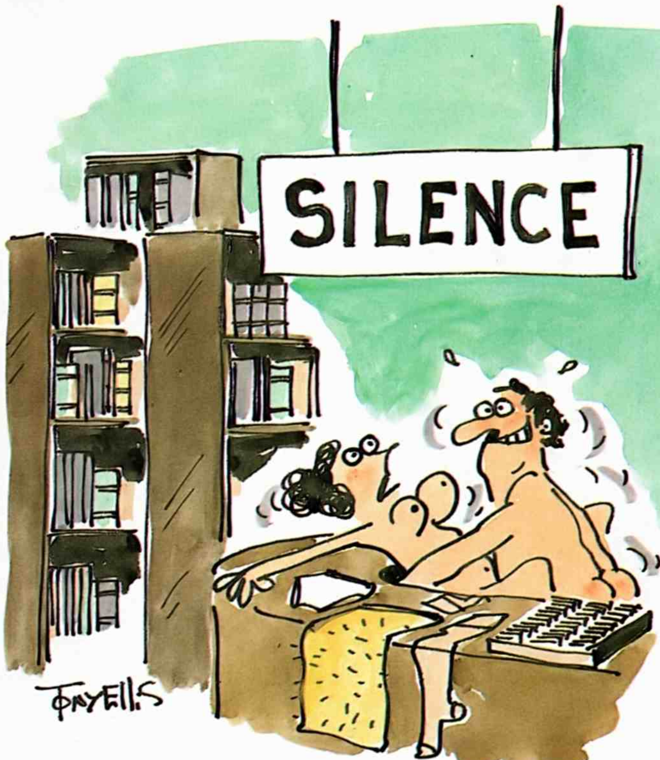
You have the same complaint as me, Miss Luvanuff: hard skin



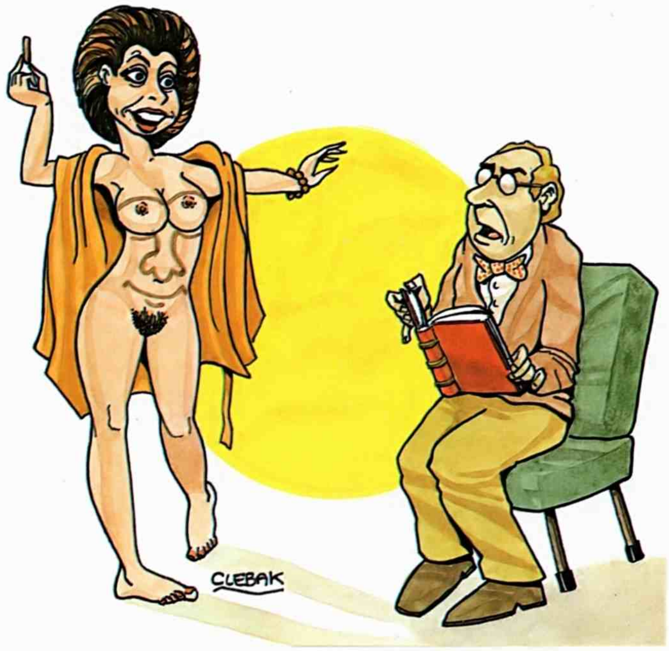
What d'you reckon, Wendy – the American stripped arouser, or the black-ribbed, for extra sensation?



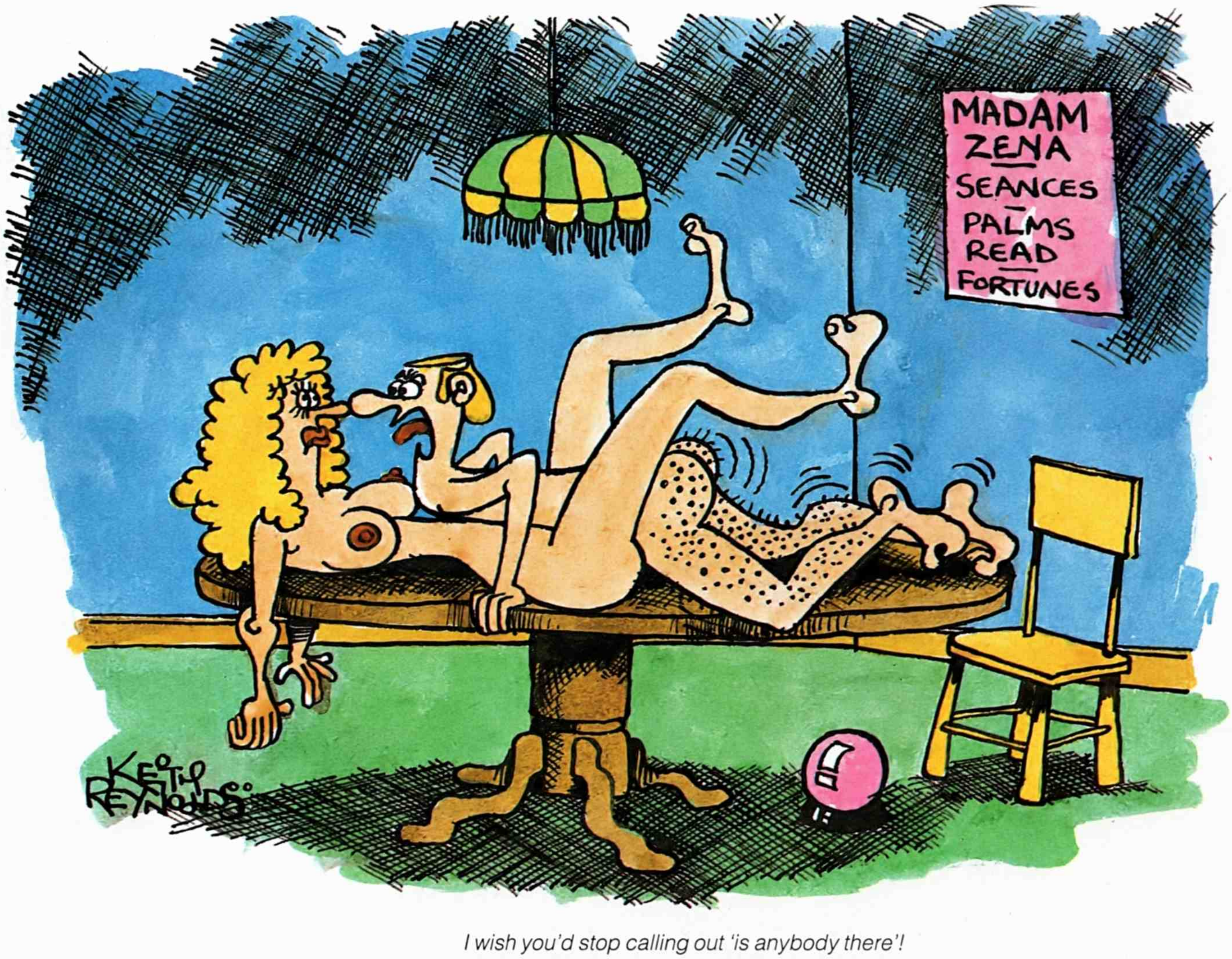
When we were married, she made me promise never to cheat on her behind her back


SILENCE
TONY ELLIS

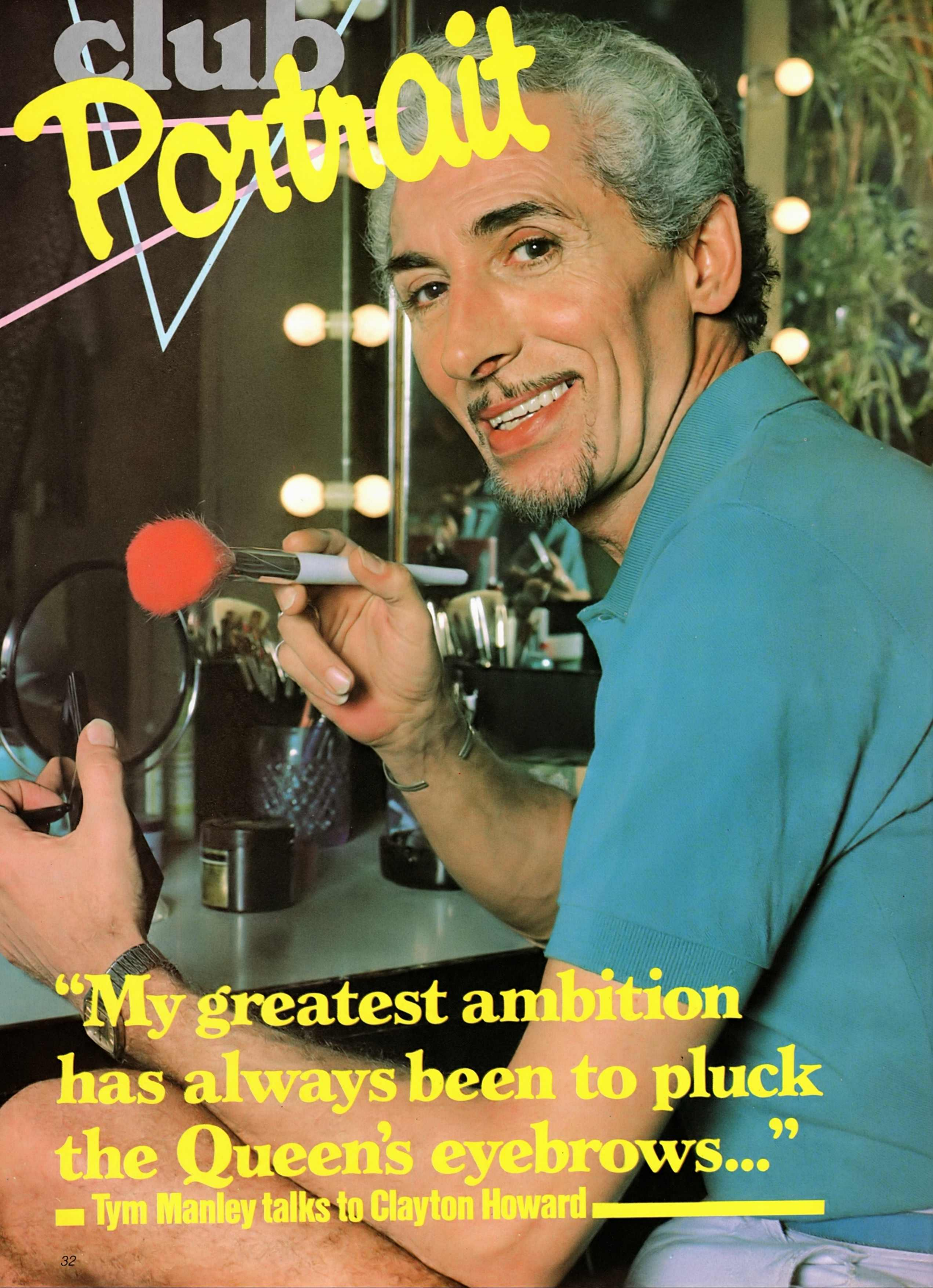
Would you mind awfully if I pant rather loudly, Mr Wainthrop?



I sometimes wish I'd never enrolled you for those evening art classes


MADAM ZENA
SEANCES
PALMS READ
FORTUNES
KEITH REYNOLDS

I wish you'd stop calling out 'is anybody there'!



"My greatest ambition has always been to pluck the Queen's eyebrows..."

Tym Manley talks to Clayton Howard

Clayton Howard is Britain's foremost make-up man. Creative make-up artist is the correct expression because 'make-up artists are ten a penny'. It means he can create any look for any person of any age in any situation, and Clayton has done the lot. From Royalty – he created the look with which Lady Diana Spencer announced to the world that she was to be our next Queen – through the Popocracy – Boy George, David Bowie, Gary Glitter – down to mere stars and aristocrats.

He's been nipple-tweaker to the nobility – one of his lesser tasks on Patrick Lichfield's* Unipart *calendar safaris. He's bolstered boobs and unspotted bums for* Men Only *and* Club International. *He's even brushed pubes for blue movies; something he had cause to regret after a typical bit of plastic-journalism by that tired old scandal sheet the* Sunday People *blasted his career to the roots.

But he's back. Because, as anyone who's worked with him will tell you, Clayton is an artist, a professional to his brush tips and . . . absolutely irrepressible.

What's all this about the Queen's eyebrows?

'Well I love her and I wouldn't do anything that is not going to improve her face. By the same virtue, I wouldn't want to change her face, but the eyebrows make *such* a difference. When I made up Princess Anne the first time, for Lichfield, I wanted to pluck hers too, but I wasn't in a position to suggest it. Later, she did have them done and when I came to make her up again, the space that opened up made all the difference. It gives a bright look to the eyes. It works as well as a face lift. Look; if my eyebrows were all pushed together . . .' *(Clayton hunches forward on his cushion and tangles his eyebrows to give himself a furious goat-like expression. Then he brushes them back up again)* . . . 'You see? I look heavy-eyed. Just combing them changes everything'.

Perhaps I should comb mine?

'Men are so touchy about that sort of thing. I've often seen men all dressed up and ready to go out and I say to their wives: "All that time getting ready and look at him!"

'"What's wrong?" they say. And I say: "Do you mind if I just comb your eyebrows?" Of course they get all embarrassed, as if anyone would *notice* they'd had their eyebrows combed! But it can do such a lot for your look.'

At home, in private, I tried it. And, you know, he's right.

Clayton Howard is a slight, compact figure. He moves like a dancer, which he was. His face is that of a Spanish count, although traces of Liverpool accent reveal that he is a born and bred Brit. In his forties I would guess (I didn't dare ask), but bearing in mind he'd just dragged himself from bed after a heavy night when we met, he looked a whole lot better than me. Nevertheless, he fussed about his appearance. The photographer was due in an hour and he had to shave and prepare himself. There's no way a picture of Clayton Howard is going out which looks anything but perfect. Anything else would be bad for business.

He sits on the floor, on a large cushion, in a room covered with pictures of himself and his work – Royalty, superstars, stars – and sees off coffee by the potful.

Is Clayton gay? All this perfectionism suggests that he is. But there's nothing about him you don't find in theatre people who you think are gay – until they run off with your wife. I asked. Yes he is.

Woman-hater

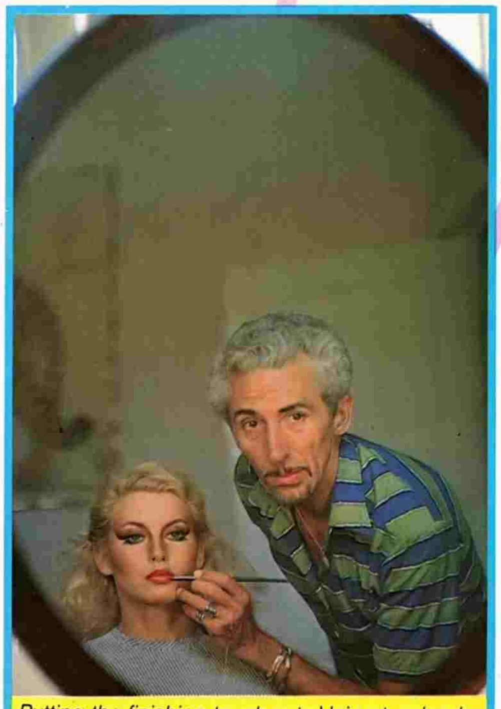
Does this help in your work?

'Oh yes. There are different kinds of gay men. I'm the sort who *enjoys* being a man. I don't want to be a woman, never did. I am a man and I know what men like, which helps in making a lady lovely and sexy. I also adore women. Some gays are woman-haters. I suppose some gay make-up artists could be too. In fact I'm *sure* some are, by what they do to women's faces.

'Being gay helps with sexy ladies and with their men. Because I'm safe. And, of course, in bum and tit, the girls can relax with me, knowing I'm not trying to get into their knickers.

'On Patrick's shoots, I'm the only one allowed to touch the girls' naked bodies because I'm trusty. We had trouble in Bali this year, getting nipples erect. A lot of girls don't like to sit and fiddle with themselves, so I tweaked them. Then we discovered ice-cubes. Oh yes, and *Blu-Tak*. For those profile shots when they're in shadow. A bit of *Blu-Tak* moulded on to the nipples gives that wonderful proud profile. That's the latest trick.

'Yes, being gay helps enormously. I can lift the girls' skirts to check they're not wearing knickers (not allowed to on a shoot because of marks). I just make a joke of it. The same with bras. They must come off on any topless shoot, or even one which shows the shoulders, because of the marks. If a girl doesn't want to sit bra-less while I'm making her up I can say: "Listen, do you have a hairy chest?" When she says she doesn't, I say: "Well, if you had one you should worry, because I *like* hairy chests. Don't like tits!" It puts them at their ease.'



Putting the finishing touches to Unipart *calendar girl Roz in Sicily, 1981.*

Chalky Whyte

Do you ever need to make up tits?

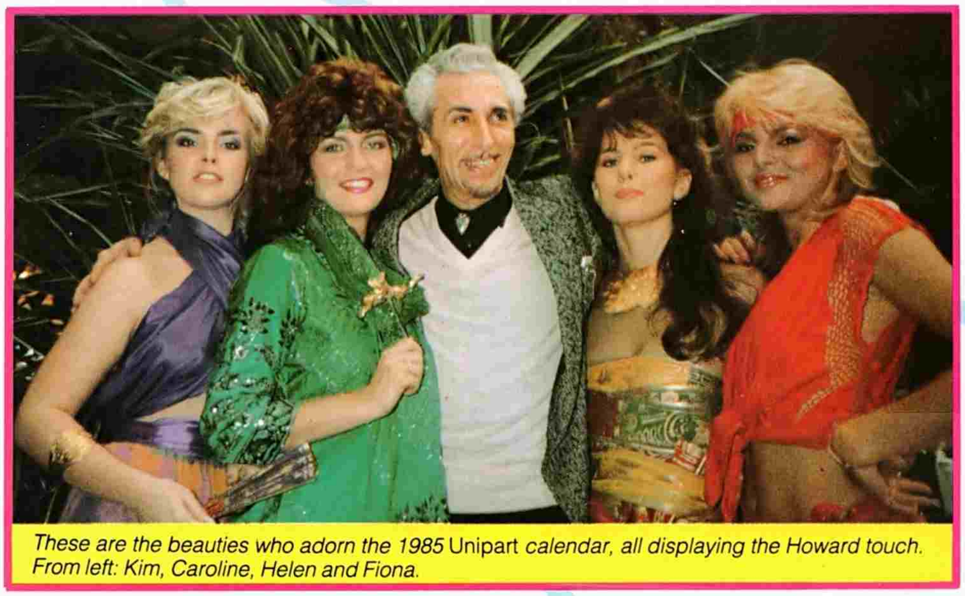
'Oh yes. If a girl isn't looking as full as she ought to, I would highlight the top of the breasts and darken the cleavage. That's not just in bum and tit; I do it in portraits too if she's wearing a low-cut dress.

'Often, when I'm demonstrating to a women's luncheon club or something, I'll do the face and show them the result. "Fantastic," they say.

"Wait a minute," I say. "Just the finishing touches," and do the breasts. And woomph! Bulging breasts where there weren't any just by using make-up.'

What is a creative make-up artist trying to do to a face?

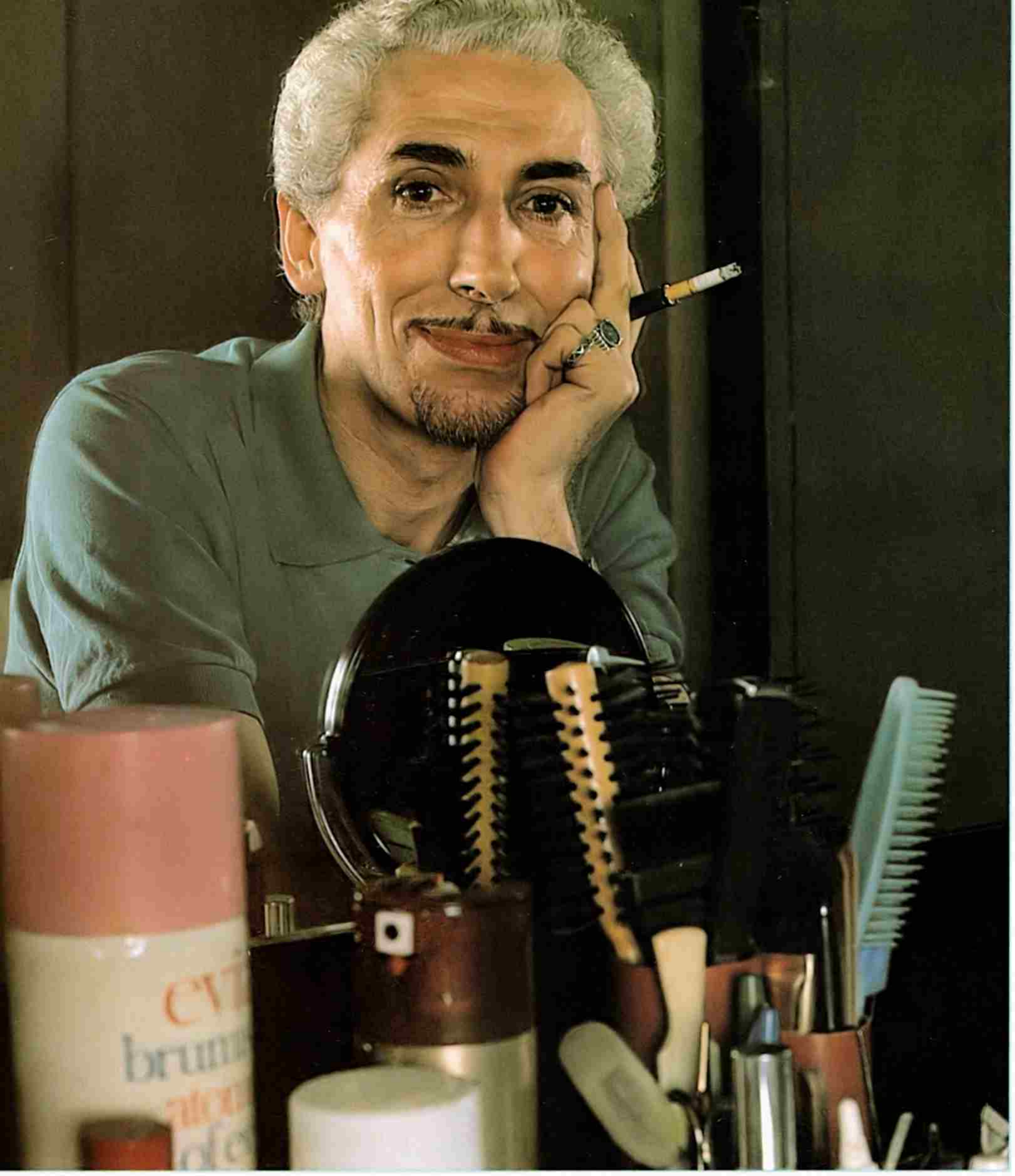
'There are two possibilities. One is the natural approach, where you accentuate the good points and bring out the dynamism of a face, without changing it and without making it look made up. That's what I prefer to do. The sort of thing I did with Princess Diana (and I'm delighted that she has stuck very much to the look I created for her. Whenever she's on the telly I rush to the



These are the beauties who adorn the 1985 Unipart *calendar, all displaying the Howard touch. From left: Kim, Caroline, Helen and Fiona.*

Chalky Whyte

Paul Diamond



screen to see what they're doing to her).

'I'm known for my natural make-ups. With a properly made-up face, people shouldn't be saying: "What marvellous eye-shadow," or: "Isn't it clever what you've done to your mouth." They should be saying: "Wow! Don't you look great!"

'The other possibility is the exotic made-up look. Like Boy George. He's a real perfectionist. I had to do him and his mother for a feature, so that they looked like one another. I did Mum and he asked if I'd check his make-up. All I had to do was add a bit more blusher; it was perfect.

'Then there are make-ups that change the face completely. Like the one I did for Joe Brown in *Sleuth*. He went home in it and his wife didn't recognize him. And the dog went for him. That was all done with pancake make-up. Men, on stage, generally prefer pancake.'

How do our he-men actors react to being made-up?

'They don't like anything greasy that you have to blend in. That's too much like what their wives do. They prefer pancake which you can whoosh on with a sponge and wham, instant Red Indian. The quicker and the less intimate the make-up, the better for men.'

Do you look at the character of a person you're making up?

'One can't look at character, but I do chat to people for that reason. I wouldn't put a Danny La Rue make-up on a shy person or a demure look on a Joan Collins type.

'That's very important. Particularly with weddings. You mustn't change a face there. Can't have the bridegroom turn at the altar and say: "What? Who the hell are you?"'

How did you become a creative make-up artist?

'I didn't start until I was 30. I started as a window-dresser and went on to become Display Manager and Display Controller. But I have three sisters and I have been fascinated with making up and dressing up since I was in short pants.

Obliterating

'Watching my sisters make up, I always knew there was a way of using cosmetics to improve the face, but women weren't doing it then. They were obliterating their faces.

'It was the theatre that really interested me in make-up. I loved to give concerts in the back yard and that sort of thing. And I did a dance act – a sort of Fred Astaire/Ginger Rogers type of dancing. I would help with make-up in theatrical shows and practise on my dancing partner who has a very good face.

'And on myself, of course. Although never to look feminine. I liked to do strong dramatic make-ups for the stage. In pantomimes, I always played Abanazar or something like that.

'Then I saw an advertisement for a make-up artist, required by a leading Hollywood company, no experience needed. I changed career in mid-life.

That was Max Factor?

'Yes, they trained me. I applied with about 70 other people, but actually my age was for me. And my looks. They said I *looked* like the sort of person a star would ask advice from and take it.

'Also, I rather shocked them with my test make-up. I had to do a model however I wished and then, while they took her away to evaluate the make-up, I had to do myself. I did a very natural make-up on the girl and a dramatic satanic look for me. And when they came in all they could see was this face glaring at them from the mirror. I showed the extremes of what can be done with make-up and I think that persuaded them I was the right person to have. I still use contrasting natural and dramatic images on my card.'

Speciality

What's your speciality?

'If I really want to impress, I like to make up coloured skins – bringing out the full drama of a black or brown face. It's exciting and so many people think you can't do much with a black face. Of course you can.'

Did you build up enough clients at Max Factor to slip easily into freelance or were there hard times?

'Oh yes, there've been hard times. I've been lucky. I've had a lot of good publicity. I was on the show when Grace Jones attacked Russell Harty. I've been on *Sportsnight* making up Jimmy White. They showed a film of me making up Susan Hampshire, so when Patrick was on the programme he could say: "Here's Clayton Howard, the make-up artist I always use . . ." The names I've made up have been mind-blowing.

'The hard times came in 1981 when I was suddenly the front page of the *People*. SEX SECRETS OF LADY DI'S MAKE-UP MAN! My career just vanished overnight.'

What was all that about?

'Cheap muck-raking. It was at the time when all the papers were mad for stories about Diana. Because I did the make-up for Snowdon's portraits, I was inundated with requests for interviews about my make-up. So I thought nothing of it when the *People* asked if they could send round a reporter to "verify facts."'

They weren't interested in the make-up angle?

'No. But they gave the impression they were. What happened was that I did a blue film. Something any make-up artist who's any good has probably done. I wasn't ashamed of it, it's a professional job just like any other. And everyone knew I did bum and tit as well as faces. I'd been in the *Sunday Mirror* for goodness sake, where they asked me to dress a naked model with make-up.

'But the man I did the film for – who will be nameless – saw I'd done Diana's make-up and thought he could make money out of it. He touted the story around Fleet Street. They actually paid him £6000 for it!

'Then the reporters came here and behaved disgracefully. They copied that photograph you see there, of me and Mary Millington. They copied down the inscription, they copied the inscriptions from my books and from this photograph of me by Lord Snowdon. It's signed "Tony" because it was a gift and they made something out of that.

'They did all this without my knowledge and published the pictures without my permission.'

But what they wrote was true?

'Yes. But the way they handled the truth was wrong. And the implications. For example, they said I *appeared* in a blue movie! Well I did. I appeared as a make-up artist in a fashion show scene. All of us with as many clothes as we could get on! But they said Clayton Howard *appeared* in a blue movie . . .'

You lost friends?

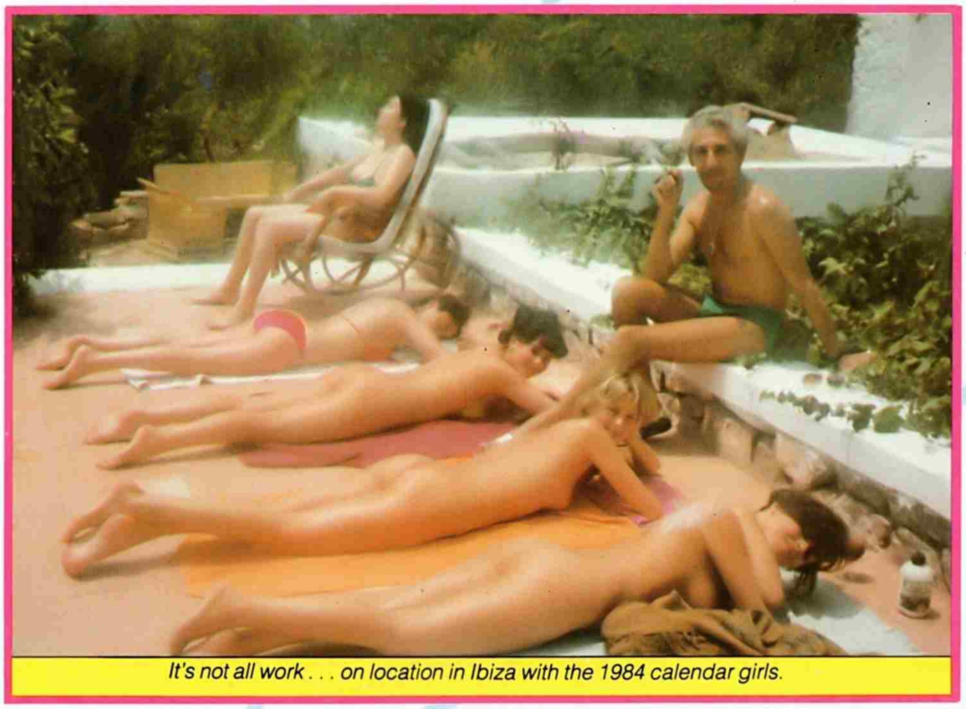
'Not those who really knew me, but yes. What really hurt, though, was the way they implicated Lady Diana, as she was then, and Snowdon, Lichfield and Bailey; everyone I worked with was associated with blue films through me. I wouldn't have allowed that to happen for the world.

'You see, people who didn't really know me assumed I had condoned the story and made money from it or used it for publicity. Things I'd never dream of doing.'

Wonderful

You haven't made up a Royal since?

'No. I haven't worked with Lord Snowdon since, either. That hurts, because I like Snowdon, I admire his work and we did some wonderful things together. Through him I lost *Vogue* too. I wrote to Snowdon explaining I truly had nothing to do with the story, but he didn't even acknowledge my letter. That's sad.'



It's not all work . . . on location in Ibiza with the 1984 calendar girls.

Another Unipart session, this time in the grounds of a French château. 1982.

But Patrick Lichfield stood by you?

'Yes. Well, he knew me. The day the story broke, we left to do a calendar so I was able to tell him the whole story. He understood. I mean if I'd any idea of the line they were taking I'd never have seen those people.'

Have you a message for the editor of the Sunday People?

'I don't think I know the words to say how I feel about that paper. About what they did to me. Perhaps that's just as well.'

You work with Lichfield a lot?

'Yes. Even when there's not a lot of make-up needed, he likes to have me there behind the camera. As an extra pair of eyes that see *everything.* I'm the sort of person that will see a tiny spot on a girl's knee which everyone misses. I can swoop in and cover it up.'

The Unipart *calendars have taken you to some pretty remote places. How do you get by without your coffee?*

'Oh, we do look after ourselves. We take everything we'll need. Especially me. I'm the sort of person who likes to put his mark wherever he's living, no matter for how short a time. It's quite a joke with the rest of the team. They call my quarters "Clayton Place", from *Peyton Place*, you know. It's a lovely play on words.

Clayton Place

'I take a lot of fabrics with me. Sarongs and so on – mainly to wear, but also to decorate the place. I'll pick flowers and do my own arrangements, put pictures on the walls . . .

'Even in my tent in Africa, I had pictures of warriors on all the walls. I had two tables outside. One was a bar and the other with oil-lamps and mirrors for the make-up. Africa was wonderful. They always made sure there were plenty of tonics and ice for Clayton Place and experimenting with make-up on the girls under that sky. Marvellous.

'Mind you it was in Africa that I thought of the phrase "Arse about Face" to describe what I do. I was up at four in the morning to do a make-up (we went miles to be at the location at dawn). And when I saw the Polaroids, I said to Patrick: "You can't be serious! You got me up at four to do this make-up and . . . you can't even see she's got a face! Just an arse".'

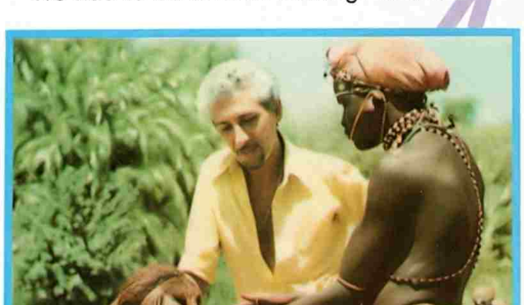
A tribe wanted to buy you?

'That's right. The Samburu tribe. That was historic. The first time a Western make-up artist had been able to advise a tribe of warriors who all wore make-up. They had their own make-up man and hairdresser. I gave one of them an Elizabeth Arden make-up pencil. He was delighted. But Patrick wouldn't sell me, no matter how many camels they offered.'

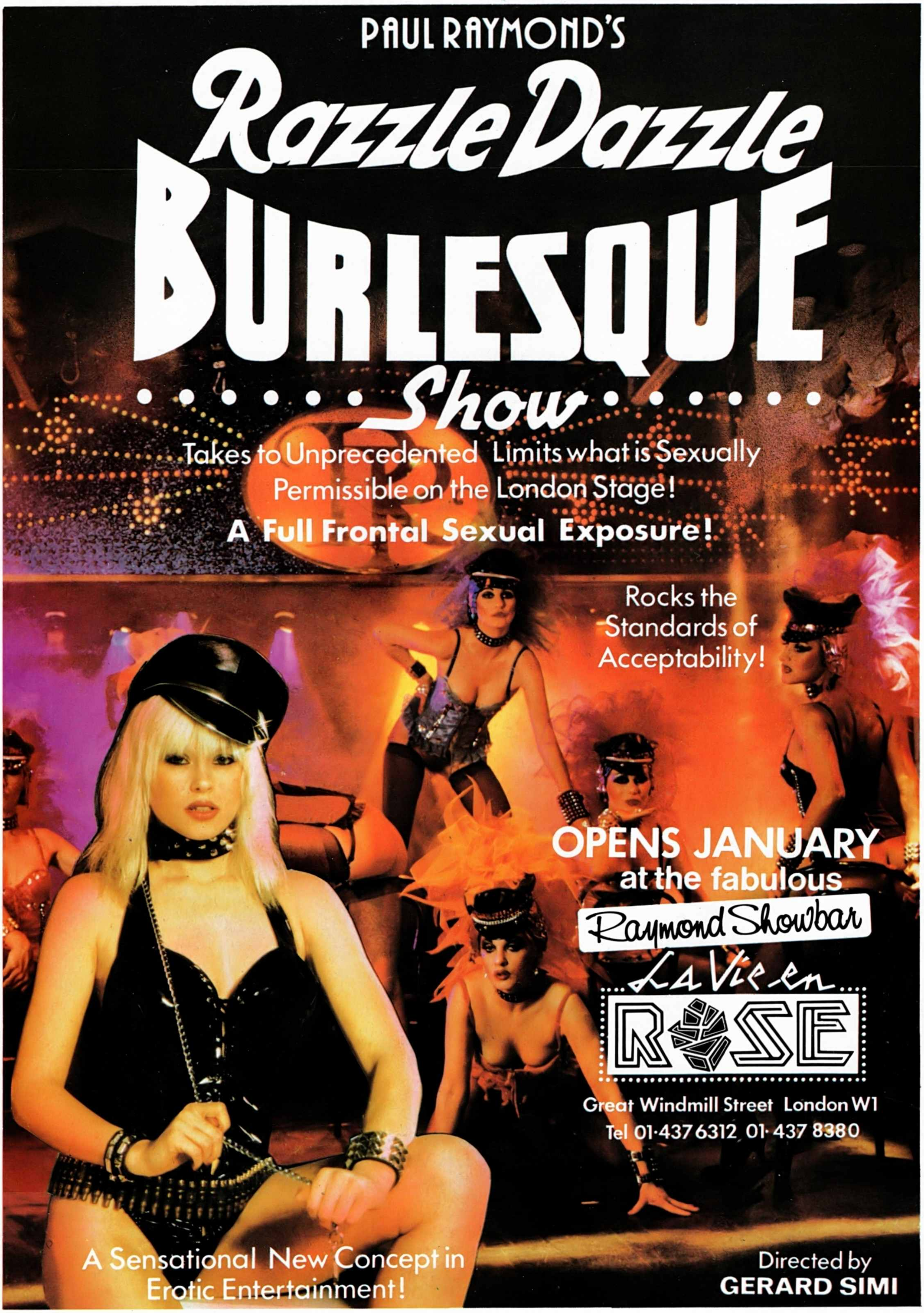
You've just been in Bali?

'That's this year's calendar. That was the most exhausting we've done. The pictures are mostly landscapes with a tiny figure set in. Someone had to take the girls to the right place, usually me, and they were miles away from the camera.

'We had to do a lot of walking. Vehicles



The warriors of the Samburu tribe were impressed with Clayton's make-up advice: so much so, they wanted to buy him!



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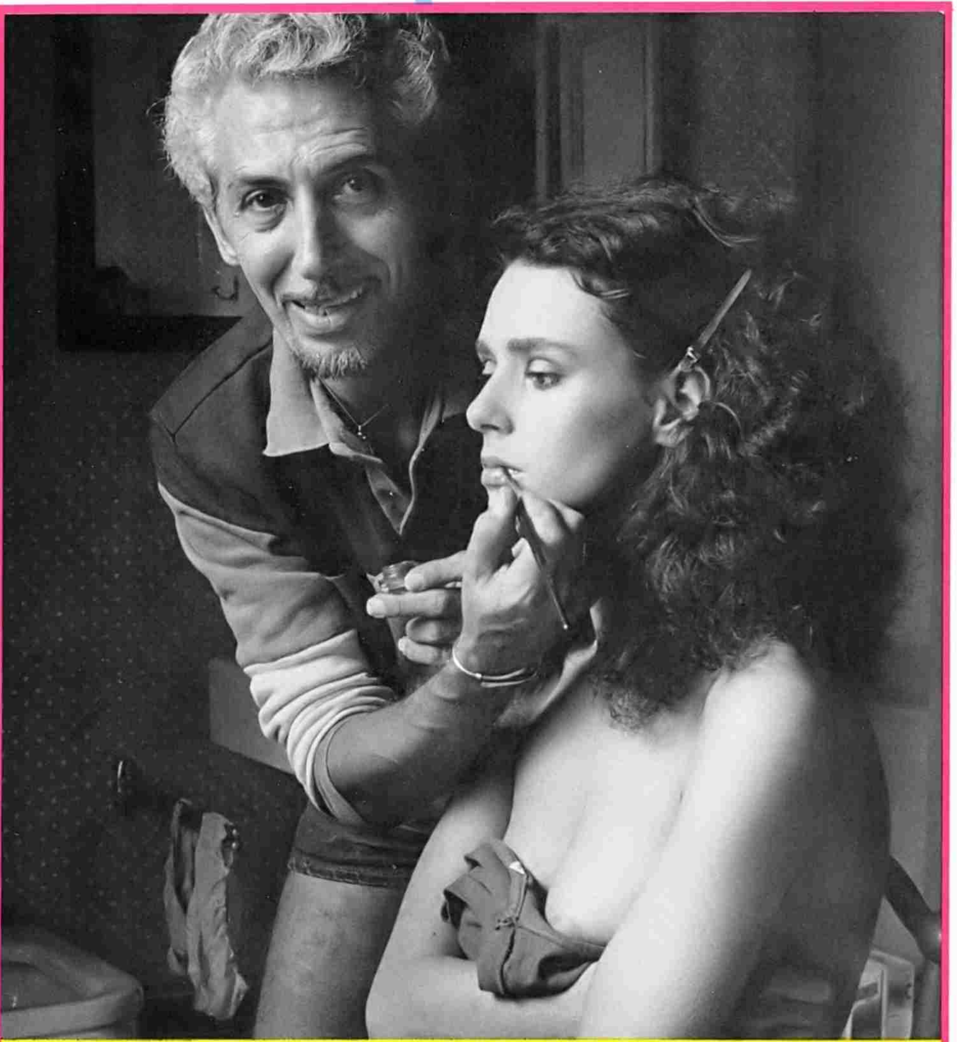


Back to the château, and the gorgeous Sally daren't move a muscle to cover up what she's let slip out! But the girls can relax with Clayton knowing he's not trying to get into their knickers.

couldn't get through and we were working on rice terraces which we had to be careful not to spoil. We had to remember that people were making their living out of those fields.

'There was this terrible bridge. It was made of bamboo poles lashed together with grass, with just two wires to hold on to. And as you walked, the poles would roll under you. And of course there were all the girls behind you, terrified. I was shouting: "Quarter to three feet" at them, because the only way to get over was to walk like Charlie Chaplin, treading on two poles at a time.

'Then we had to go over it again, when the Press came. Just to show we do actually *work* when we're on location.

'And the insects! We lived in Balinese houses, which are just roofs with blinds, no walls. Everything that wanted to could and did get in. Even through the mosquito nets.

'That was tiring. We'd eat dinner at six and be in bed by nine. And there were no hot baths. But the worst thing about it for me were the spiders. Ugh! You can get anything out of me just by showing me a tarantula!'

You spent a lot of time covering bites?

'One day Patrick had over a hundred bites on his body. I said: "Thank Heavens we weren't photographing you, Patrick!"'

What's a typical week for you?

'Couple of times at Patrick Lichfield's studio doing portraits, perhaps celebrities or just aristocrats – we did Jimmy Tarbuck and Jim Davidson last week. Then I might create a look for a big fashion show. Do a talk and demonstration at a luncheon club or on breakfast TV, and perhaps a wedding at the weekend. That sort of thing.'

Who have you enjoyed making-up most?

'Princess Anne is my favourite. Over made-up she can look hard. Under made-up she looks what I call "flat". But if you get her just right, she looks gorgeous. I get a lot of satisfaction from making her look good. Gayle Hunnicut and Joanna Lumley are real favourites. Gayle always likes me to do her make-up. She's gorgeous. It's the inner person that makes her so glamorous.

'Of the men, David Bowie is marvellous. And Gary Glitter. Some of these people I have to do in secret. The television people like stars to use their staff make-up artists. But if a client trusts me, I have to be smuggled in.

Ultimate

'Once they wouldn't let David use me on a programme and he refused to appear. That's how important make-up is to him. Of course, nowadays, everyone recognizes me. I have a following amongst make-up people, so secrecy is getting a bit difficult.

'The ultimate, of course, is Sophia Loren. I'd love to get my brushes on her. She appeared in Patrick Lichfield's book of glamorous women, but she has her own people and I didn't get the chance. But she's so glamorous. I went quite weak at the knees in her presence – and that was just signing books in Selfridges.'

Who were the worst to work with?

'That terrible Lauren Bacall! I did her when she appeared in *Applause Applause*. It was such a shame! I was *such* a fan, so thrilled to be making her up and she treated me like dirt. She treated everyone like dirt. She'd click fingers demanding the "goddamn" tissues and why the fucking this and fucking that . . . Such language. I've never heard anything like it from a woman. Horrific!

'She nearly had me in tears. She's just very insecure, I suppose. Usually I find that the better someone is, the nicer they are.'

Perhaps the old-time stars always acted like that?

'Perhaps they did. I made up Constance Cummings, who is a far greater star, and a friend was telling her all about Betty Bacall and what she did to everyone who tried to work with her. Connie said: "I didn't think people still acted like that!"'

No one else chased you with a meat cleaver?

'No. I have little differences of opinion with people who have strong ideas about their looks. Lesley-Anne Down and Stephanie Powers are like that. Someone might want to use black inside the eye where I would prefer white. That's all. And, if they're being photographed as themselves, I do what they want. After all, it's not my face.'

Essential

Do you think men will ever use make-up in daily life?

'If you mean would a man ask his wife to pop into the shops and buy him a new foundation or a new face powder, no. It is difficult to make up a man's face, so it looks natural because of the colour variations. A made-up man always looks made-up, and men don't want that.

'Take me. I'm a make-up artist and I know the advantages of make-up, but I never wear make-up except when it's absolutely essential to compensate for lights or for photographs.'

Because it doesn't really work or because it's not acceptable?

'For both reasons. People are very uneasy in the presence of a made-up man.'

What about Boy George and followers?

'That's different. That's put on to make a statement, to cause a stir. Men may use make-up for that purpose. But I don't see them ever using the natural sort of make-up that women do.'

What could we men do to improve our looks?

'Grooming is the most important thing. Hair and eyebrows. Making a beard, if you have one, follow the natural lines of a face. A moisturiser would help men with dry skins. They might even use the tinted moisturisers – but remember if you give yourself a tanned, healthy-looking face, to do the hands as well. They're always coming into contact with the face. And if you've ever seen a newsreader bring a white hand with pink knuckles and blue veins up to his tanned face you'll know what I mean.

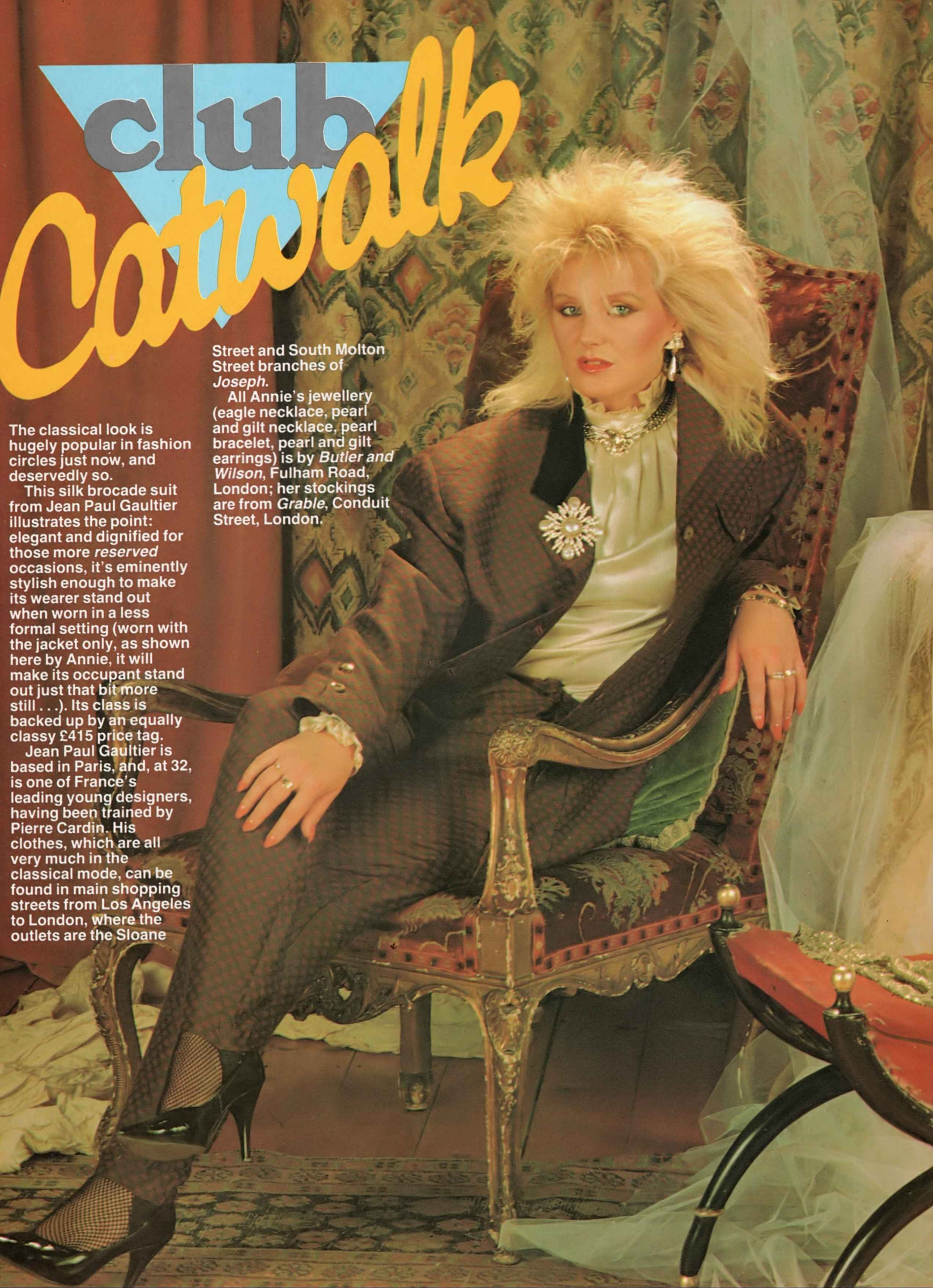
'A cover-up stick for under the eyes might be acceptable. Nothing more.'

What would improve my face?

'I would suggest scissors and a comb . . .'

Thank you, Clayton.

club Catwalk



The classical look is hugely popular in fashion circles just now, and deservedly so.

This silk brocade suit from Jean Paul Gaultier illustrates the point: elegant and dignified for those more *reserved* occasions, it's eminently stylish enough to make its wearer stand out when worn in a less formal setting (worn with the jacket only, as shown here by Annie, it will make its occupant stand out just that bit more still . . .). Its class is backed up by an equally classy £415 price tag.

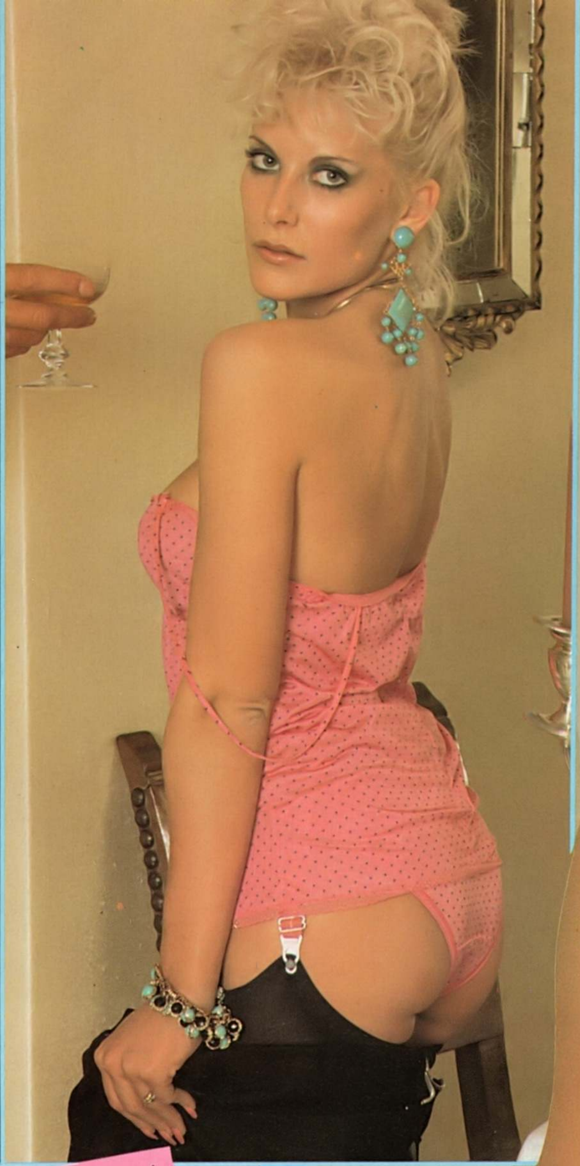
Jean Paul Gaultier is based in Paris, and, at 32, is one of France's leading young designers, having been trained by Pierre Cardin. His clothes, which are all very much in the classical mode, can be found in main shopping streets from Los Angeles to London, where the outlets are the Sloane Street and South Molton Street branches of *Joseph*.

All Annie's jewellery (eagle necklace, pearl and gilt necklace, pearl bracelet, pearl and gilt earrings) is by *Butler and Wilson*, Fulham Road, London; her stockings are from *Grable*, Conduit Street, London.

Photographs by Janet Worth

Photographs by Serge Jacques

KIM



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ONE EYED DIC

By Raymond Handler.
Illustration by Stanley Accrington.

THE STORY SO FAR. Sleazo supersleuth One-Eyed Dick and his kinky kohort Sir Nigel Dorking have just returned from a Nazi-hunting safari in South America. After winning the corpse of Hitler's secretary Martin Bormann from a band of Israeli mercenaries in a poker game, the corpse goes missing – only to resurface in a bedroom at Wurst Castle, HQ of Wurst Newspapers Inc, where Dick 'n' Dork organize a fancy dress ball. Sir Nigel unwisely opts for an SS general's uniform, which he is still wearing when rudely awoken by an Israeli raiding party in the wee, wee hours. Now read on.

Rubbing their eyes and each other's pussies, Velma and Bertha came to the top of the stairs, bewildered by the commotion. They were just in time to see the unfortunate Limey being dragged screaming across the hall, his black Bermans & Nathans SS jodhpurs trailing around his ankles. He was bundled unceremoniously into the trunk of an unmarked '58 Nash with shot rear suspension and driven away. I figured this born again masochist and sexual sensation seeker might enjoy the ride.

I spent the rest of the day in bed with Velma and Bertha. But my customary superlative sexual performance was dulled by agonies of indecision over Sir Nigel's plight. I couldn't alert the British authorities, because he was still wanted in connection with a series of offences against sheep during the Falklands crisis, nor the FBI because he was an unregistered alien, nor even the Obscure Fetishists Rescue League (lapsed subscription).

Regular Helpings

On the one hand, life would be bliss if I was shot of the lurid Limey. Now that Wurst Sr. was off the map, the castle needed a new Laird as much as Velma needed regular helpings of stiff dick. Yet for all his weaknesses, the Limey had stood by me through thick and thin. Well, usually.

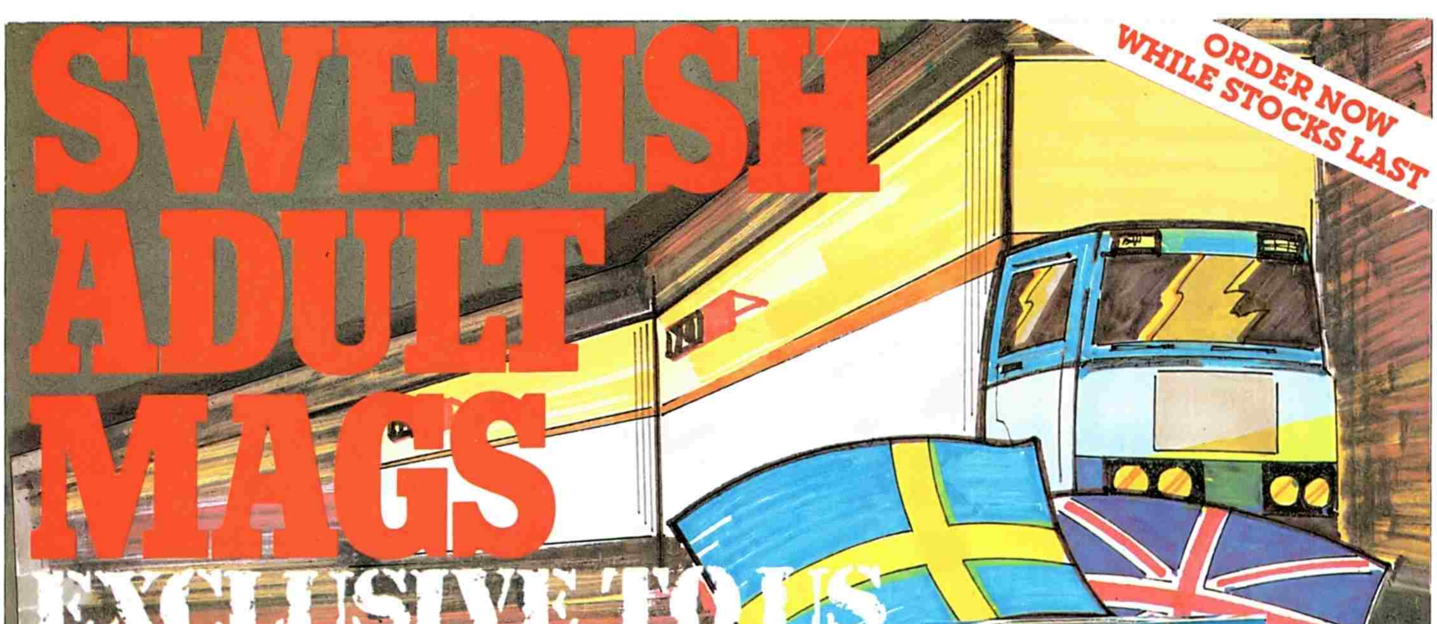
Bertha ground her crotch around on my mouth, while Velma carried out an exploratory for a tonsilectomy with my insatiable instrument. There was something about those two which aroused the romantic in me.

'You know something?' I spluttered, extracting two stray pubic hairs from between my incisors. 'We can't sit by and let Dorky stand trial in Tel Aviv: they'll crucify him.'

Velma finished her work in hand and looked up, playfully spitting my jiz on to the carpet.

'And a good thing too. Damn little per-

SWEDISH ADULT MAGS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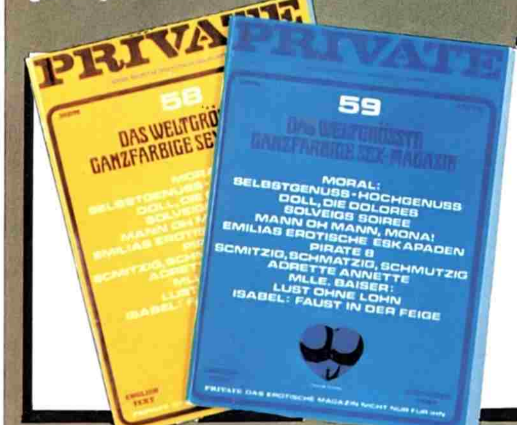
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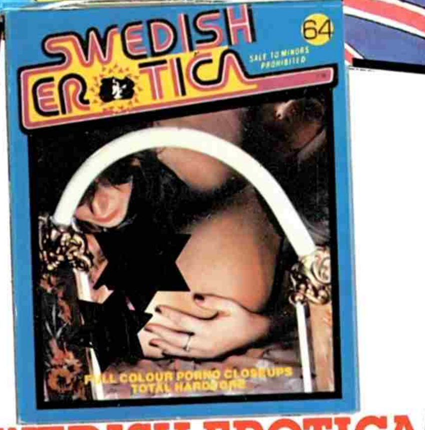
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SIR NIGEL WAS DRAGGED INTO THE DOCK

vert's been cramping your style for too long, One-Eyed. Besides, he's given Ollie the crabs.'

Sure enough, the Dobermann writhed abjectly under the bed, whimpering and scratching pitifully.

'Listen, I know he's a grovelling little shit, but we've got to help him. Right now the Israelis don't care if he's Martin Bormann or Yogi Bear – they just want a fall guy. Besides, I'm sure you could make use of him around the house, Velma. After all, he's really well-hung.'

Recollections of our memorable gang-bang just two nights before were obviously still fresh in Velma's mind.

'You can say that again. But Dorking isn't in any real danger. His dental impressions will differ and, besides, he's only 40 years old.

'There *are* no dental records of Bormann,' I said, dismally contemplating my dwindling erection. 'And I know he's only 40 years old, but he looks like shit. He could easily pass for 85 – especially with his withdrawal symptoms. No parents to verify he's theirs – he even gave his probation officer a complete mental breakdown. Nobody wants to know. I tell you, that boy's got problems.'

After South America, I was in no mood for another chapter of heroic transglobal exploits, but there was a part of me that couldn't let an old buddy go to the gallows for something he hadn't done. Besides, he owed me $200.

Let me tell you, trial by military tribunal in a Tel Aviv barracks without air-conditioning is no bowl of roses – especially when you're sitting next to the evidence for the defence (specifically, one unembalmed corpse). Suddenly, a cry went up and we looked out into the courtyard: Sir Nigel, naked but for his Sexual Superhero undershorts, staggered in the midday sun under the weight of a huge wooden swastika, goaded by militant rabbis, wielding dill pickles, and itinerant begal salesmen.

As Sir Nigel was dragged into the dock, I tried to lay 10-1 on a fair trial, but there were no takers. Making sure no one could peek inside the body bag, I went 50-1 on acquittal and immediately took over 10,000 shekels. I knew all along I could make this trip a paying proposition.

Excited Buzz

This time around, we didn't screw up. For 500 shekels and a blowjob from Bertha, we secured the services of Nazi archivist Shlomo Chizberger, who produced a set of fusty photos of Bormann, taken at a Brownshirt gay ball. On the underside of his cock was a tattoo – a double lightning flash insignia of the SS. With a battery of cameras focused on his crotch, the abject aristo was ordered to drop his pants and lift his lob. An excited buzz grew to a roar of condemnation as the bluish blur of a tattoo was revealed. I gulped in disbelief. Had I been partners with a notorious Nazi all along, or had Chizberger duped us? The beak ordered Chizberger to describe the inscription to the Court.

'It is an inscription. It reads: "You made me love you. I didn't want to do it. Rodney. Summer 1954".'

Hastily, I unzipped the body bag, and Bormann's corpse was transferred to a stretcher and laid in front of the visibly disgusted judge, who gestured Chizberger to lift its penis – and the SS symbol was revealed.

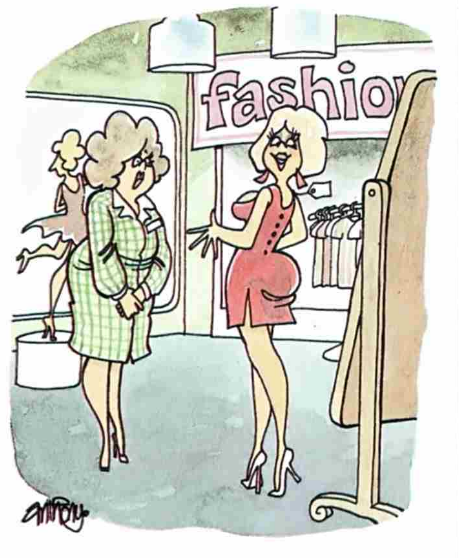
'This, Your Honour, is the real Martin Bormann. I move that there is no case to answer and that the defendant be discharged forthwith.'

Dorking was at a high pitch of sexual arousal when we collected him. Being bound and gagged and driven for miles in the '58 Nash with shot suspension was, by all accounts, intensely stimulating, but being shouted at by nice Jewish boys in a six-by-six cell *really* got him going. There's no accounting for taste.

Driving through Tel Aviv with Sir Nigel still decked out as an SS general was a hazardous experience, so we had to stop at a gentleman's outfitters for a quick change of scenery. He emerged five minutes later in a Palestinian djelaba with a picture of Yasser Arafat on the back. We ducked to avoid a hail of bricks and bottles as he leapt into the back of the cab, the definitive sucker for punishment.

Leastways, the reunion was fun – a thrashing, festive foursome in the bridal suite of the Tel Aviv Hilton, Sir Nigel reminding Bertha and Velma in no uncertain manner that he swung both ways. The evening culminated in Velma and I being treated to the spectacle of the monocled aristo engaging Bertha in a frantic doggie-fashion workout, while singing a selection of melodies from *Fiddler On The Roof*.

But there's nothing like a protracted session of international intrigue and espionage to make an old-time Manhattan private dick feel a little ring rusty. I was hot to get back to street level, back to the people I knew and loved: Hymie the one-armed



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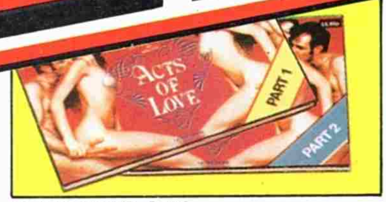

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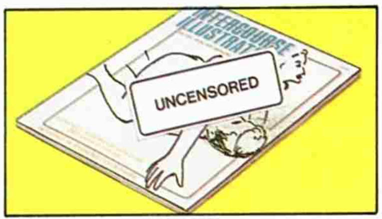

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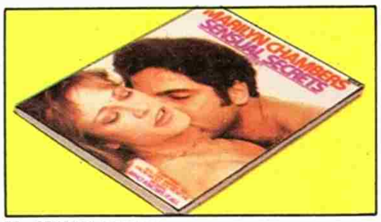

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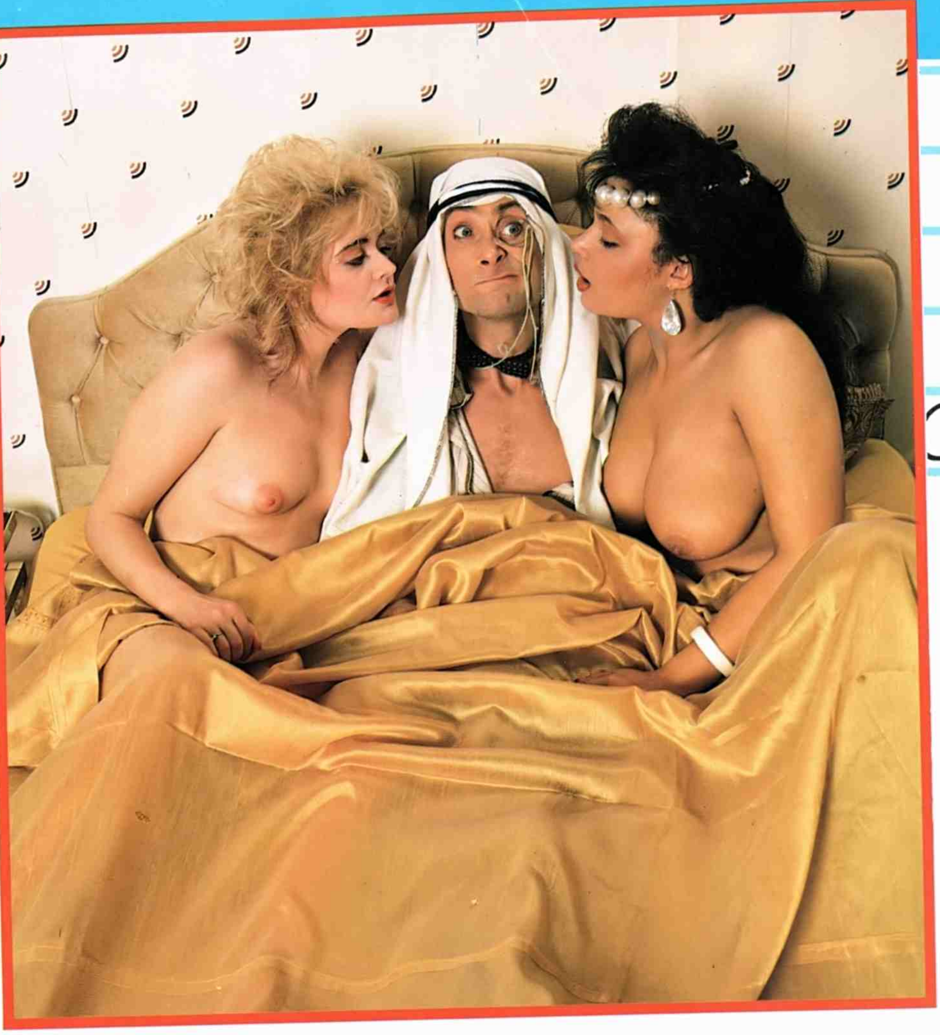
BERTHA WAS MY ONLY OBSTACLE



smack dealer, always ready with a joke and a $10 bag of Saniflush; Murray the pimp, now fallen on hard times since he gave his girls herpes; Sore-Ass Sonny, the corner faggot who shacked up with his probation officer and took to gerbil breeding. Where were they now?

I was soon lulled to sleep by the unaccustomed opulence of travelling first class in a 747, troubled only by momentary air turbulence and the thump-thump-thump of Bertha giving Sir Nigel a marathon handjob under a travelling rug and Velma's squeals of delight emanating from the toilet as she had the Swedish head steward explain the emergency oxygen system there. I was dreaming I was back in my old office on 42nd street, when some jerk started shaking me. The unmistakable smell of stale socks, under-arm sweat and dried-up KY Jelly filled my nostrils. It was Sore-Ass Sonny, the scourge of Times Square.

Nymphomaniac

On the material side of things, the sun had sure shone on Sore-Ass Sonny since I last saw him; so much so, it seemed like it shone out of his overabused ass. Try saying that when you're into your seventh Martini.

It seemed Sonny's number had come up to the tune of $2,000,000 – but he was anything but a happy man. His beautiful blonde 19-year-old nymphomaniac heiress daughter (dating back to the carefree bisexual days of his youth) had been kidnapped from his Malibu beach house and he feared for her safety. Would I, he wanted to know, be willing to take on the case as a special favour?

I desperately wanted to get back into the realms of legitimate investigation, but I didn't want to blow the good thing I'd found in Velma and the good life that lay ahead for me and Dorky at Wurst Castle. But the case had the right ring to it: I wanted in – but how to sell it to Velma?

Dishevelled and panting, Velma crawled from the toilet and Bertha withdrew a sticky maw from under the travel rug. Sonny produced a handful of snapshots from his wallet, a heart-rending visual account of a family vacation in Florida.

'Does your daughter always sunbathe in a garter belt and black stockings?' Velma enquired, licking her less-than-latently lesbian lips.

'Aw, that was when she was going through her punk phase,' said Sonny, affectionately. 'She's into rubber 'n' stuff these days, like all the other kids. You'd hardly recognise her.'

'Sounds like one of Nature's innocents, poor child,' said Sir Nigel, his fly buttons bursting like machine gun bullets as he pondered the pictures. I could see his point: Sonny's daughter sure wasn't lacking in the balloons department.

'So how would it grab you if Dorking and me went back into private eyeing?' I ventured, slipping a hand between Velma's statuesque thighs, then hurriedly withdrawing it when my fingers came into contact with a puddle of something cold and sticky.

Velma frowned and perused the pics of Sonny's daughter a second time. 'If ever there was a girl in need of some private dicking, it's this unfortunate creature,' she purred, squelching horribly as she crossed her legs. 'You can use the East Wing as your HQ and keep both myself and Mr Sore-Ass informed of any developments. Tell him our fee is $25,000, with $2500 upfront – payable to me.'

Sore-Ass Sonny counted out the notes, but Bertha scowled jealously as she peered over Velma's shoulder at the gorgeous young heiress. Bertha was the only obstacle between me and the Lairdship of Wurst Castle. I just had to keep her sweet.

'Say, Dorking,' I whispered, pulling the plastic headphones off the Limey's louse-infested head. 'Call in at the sex shop on the way home and see if those new solar-powered Taiwanese dildos are in yet. Bertha's gonna have to be kept amused at all costs.'

Happy Family

I looked forward to helping Sore-Ass Sonny find his daughter, but Bertha's obvious jealousy, Dorking's suspicious silence and Velma's increasing insatiability made me wonder just how long our happy family was going to hold together.

WILL Bertha's jealousy put a spanner in One-Eyed Dick's social climbing pretensions?

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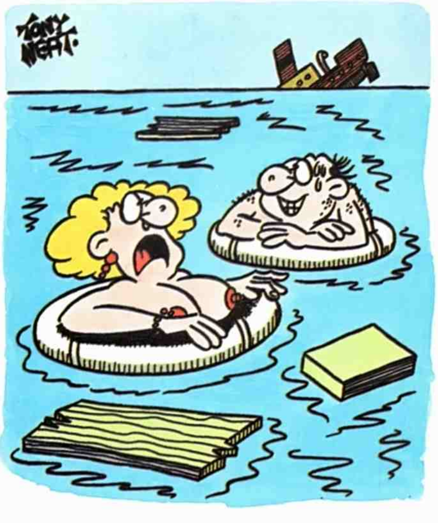

Not now, John – I have a headache

MICHELLE

Photographs by Hubertus Blume

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READERS WRITES

continued from page 6

every morning, but the next thing, she's over next to me, and asking me all these questions about what the place used to be before it was a pub, and where do I normally drink, etc.

As we talked, the pub became even more crowded, and I was soon squeezed right up against Carol, occasionally 'accidentally' brushing against her pert tits and her leather-covered thighs.

Just before closing time, her two friends came up to her and told her it was time they left for the party. Carol said I should get a bottle of wine from the bar and come along too. I didn't need to be told twice.

The party was pretty crap, but that didn't really bother me overmuch. Carol and I spent most of the time snogging on the sofa, which was really frustrating, because all I wanted to do was get my hand up that leather skirt, but it was too fucking tight and there were too many people around for me to take it off. She'd asked me earlier about where I lived, and I almost came in my pants when she whispered to me that we'd be a lot more comfortable at my flat.

As soon as we got there, I undid the zip on the side of her skirt and put my hand in. Her delicious thighs were already damp. I'm sure she could feel my whole body jump when I discovered with my wandering hand that she wasn't wearing any knickers. And she was shaven – as smooth as a baby's bum. I took her skirt off completely to have a better look. Her smooth snatch looked so inviting, I just had to get on my hands and knees and give her a good licking. She must have been holding back for a while, because she came in torrents within seconds.

That made me desperate to get some relief, so I kicked my jeans off and stood her up, facing me. After a quick knead of my balls through my underpants (a lovely sensation, I think), she pushed them down to my knees and pulled me on to the floor, where I proceeded to give her the biggest shafting I bet she's had in a long time.

After I came, she took hold of my cock while it was still semi-hard and licked off the spunk and love juice that was smeared all over it.

I still can't believe my luck that I've got one of the best-looking birds in town, and that I didn't even do the chatting-up.

Murdo, Edinburgh

Dick On Film?

I thought I'd drop you a line to say how much I enjoy reading Raymond Handler's *One-Eyed-Dick* every month. As well as being something of a turn-on for the more sexually *diverse* among us, it's also a bloody good laugh.

I see quite a lot of 'adult' videos, most of which aren't worth a hard-on. I wonder if I'm alone in thinking what a winner *One-Eyed Dick* would be if it was made into a feature-length video? Reading about Velma and Bertha's assorted kinks is well enough; actually being able to *see* them in action would be unbelievable.

SR, Middlesbrough

Fab Five

I think your cycling *Club Event* in Vol 14 No 1 was an absolute cracker.

I'm every bit a tit man, so you can imagine how het up I was at the sight of five absolutely gorgeous, sexy girls, all with lovely tits, baring their all.

But the shot which really made me go weak at the knees was the one of all the girls from behind on page 64. Looking at this, I could easily imagine me being given a lift from each of them, sitting on the seat and grabbing their soft, wobbling tits for support. I'd be able to lean forward and lick their bums as they pedalled.

If I was forced to choose just one of the girls, I'd go for the one with the short hair and – surprise, surprise – the huge knockers. I think she's exceptional.

The picture of her on page 69, where she's holding the bicycle pump in what can only be described as a very phallic position, has kept my right hand very busy since I first saw it.

Congratulations on a very raunchy set of pictures all round.

Chas, Buxton

Willing Watchers

A girl I'd worked with for several weeks, Tracey, agreed to babysit for my husband and me one Saturday night. When she arrived, I settled her in front of the TV and then we went out. However, the pubs we visited were quiet and quite boring, so we decided to go home early.

When we arrived back at the bungalow, I noticed our bedroom light was on, so, having quietly parked the car, Nick and I sneaked around to the side entrance.

I had expected Tracey to have a nose around the house, and had made sure my vibrator and other bits and pieces were carefully hidden. Nevertheless, I had forgotten about our stock of Club International magazines that we keep under the bed. As we peered through a gap in the curtains, we could see Tracey had discovered these and was sitting on the bed looking at them.

She was looking through them using her left hand. We could see her denim skirt was pulled up and her right hand was in between her slightly-parted legs. There was no frenetic rubbing going on; she just appeared to be touching herself through her pants. Her face was impassive, but, occasionally, her whole body would convulse as some new sensation spread through her.

Nick was instantly aroused by all this, and pressed my hand to the bulge in his trousers. I must admit; the sheer intimate sensuality of the situation and my husband's obvious response made me quite excited. I quietly undid his trousers and slipped my hand inside.

In our bedroom, we saw Tracey sit up, hitch up her skirt and slide her pants down to just above her knees. Nick, meanwhile, had pulled my own pants down, so, with my dress up around my waist, my legs apart and my elbows resting on the window sill, I felt Nick pressing into me. We made love slowly and deeply. With my free hand, I was able to rub my clitoris, as this position, I find, is the most stimulating.

While we were busy outside, Tracey was sprawled on the bed, her legs dangling over the edge and her hand working away in between them. Her eyes were closed as her head rolled from side to side, and she clenched her lower lip between her teeth. She worked her hips around as she played with herself, and the move-

Event girls pedalling their way to a man's affections

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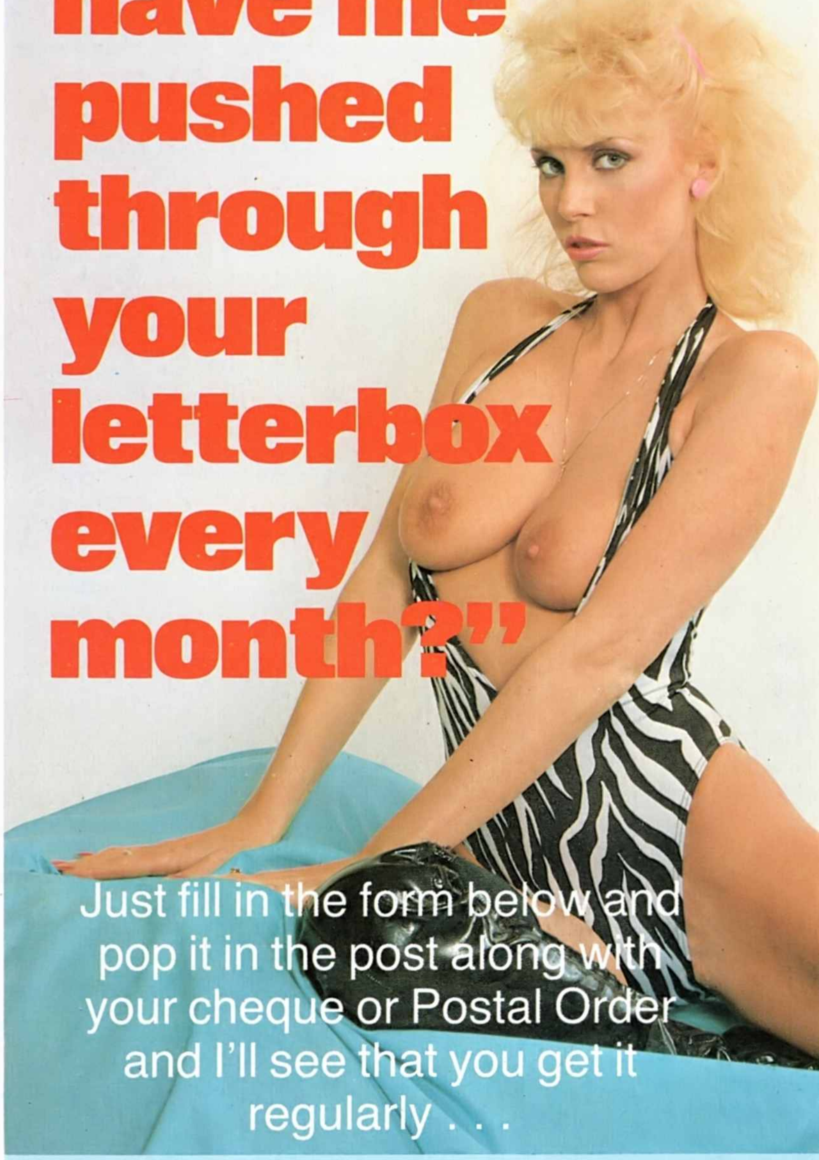

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READERS WRITES

Party girl Marie – the Belle of the Ball

ments became more and more intense.

This was all too much for Nick, who was soon coming inside me. The thought of Nick's pleasure, plus Tracey's display, made me come straight after him.

Coincidentally, Tracey came just after us and lay panting on the bed for a while, until she glanced at the clock. Then, she hurriedly leapt to her feet and pulled her clothes into place. When she had replaced our magazines, she smoothed down the bedclothes, tidied her hair, and left the bedroom.

Nick and I got dressed again, and, after making a lot of noise in the porch, entered and went into the lounge. Tracey was sitting on the sofa, the picture of an innocent 18-year-old girl. Her cheeks were a little flushed, but there was nothing else to betray the fact she'd just had an orgasm.

Later that night, Nick and I had a very enjoyable time in bed; largely due, we both agreed, to the memories of Tracey's exhibition.

Patricia, Telford

The Whole Truth?

Although I look forward to the lovely Debbie Elliott's *Club Biker* feature every month, there's something I've noticed about the bike tests we've had so far. I must admit I've never ridden anything bigger than a 125, but all Debbie's reports seem to be saying how good all those big bikes are.

What I'd like to know is; can we take these glowing reports seriously? Are these bikes really as good as Debbie says they are? Also, I haven't seen anything on the new BMWs yet: will Debbie be riding one soon?

Whatever machines Debbie rides, I hope she'll take those groin-churning tight leather jeans (Vol 14 No 1) with her.

Ivan, St Albans

The truth of the matter is, Ivan, there are very few bad bikes on the market these days. And, even bearing that in mind, we try to give you the pick of the bunch in Club Biker. *However, you won't be seeing any BMWs in my column. We had a test lined up, but BMW pulled out at the last minute because they decided Club International isn't the sort of magazine they want to see their bikes featured in. They caused a lot of people a lot of inconvenience, so boring old BMW aren't very popular here. BM Trouble-you, right enough. You'll be seeing a lot more of me in tight leather gear, though! – Debbie Elliott.*

Tops Again

Having bought Club Vol 13 No 12, I opened it expecting to find the normal high standard, but, as usual, you have surpassed yourselves yet again (I am amazed at how you manage to do this almost every month!).

In particular, I enjoyed the *Club Event* with Linzi, which was quite spectacular. *All* the girls were nice, but I was instantly attracted to the lovely blonde in the white cut-away dress on the left in the cover photo.

I fervently turned to the appropriate page, hoping to see more of her, and I wasn't disappointed. She showed us everything, and appeared more often than the other girls. Who wouldn't give their all to drink that champagne off her lovely bottom (page 71)? She turned out to be far more sexy and lovely than I had ever imagined. Who is she?

Roger, S Glamorgan

Glad to like Club so much, Roger: we like a bit of praise as much as anyone! The young lady you refer to is called Marie, who appeared in Vol 14, No 1's Catwalk. *– Ed.*

Words of Advice

Two letters in Club Vol 13 No 12, together with photo sets, have prompted me to write this letter. The first letter is the one entitled *No Sale*.

I too have had holidays this year, in Yugoslavia and the south of France, where nudist beaches outnumber the others. Beautiful German and Scandinavian girls display their all, so I too look through the magazines on the shelves first, and if girls don't come up to scratch, I do not buy.

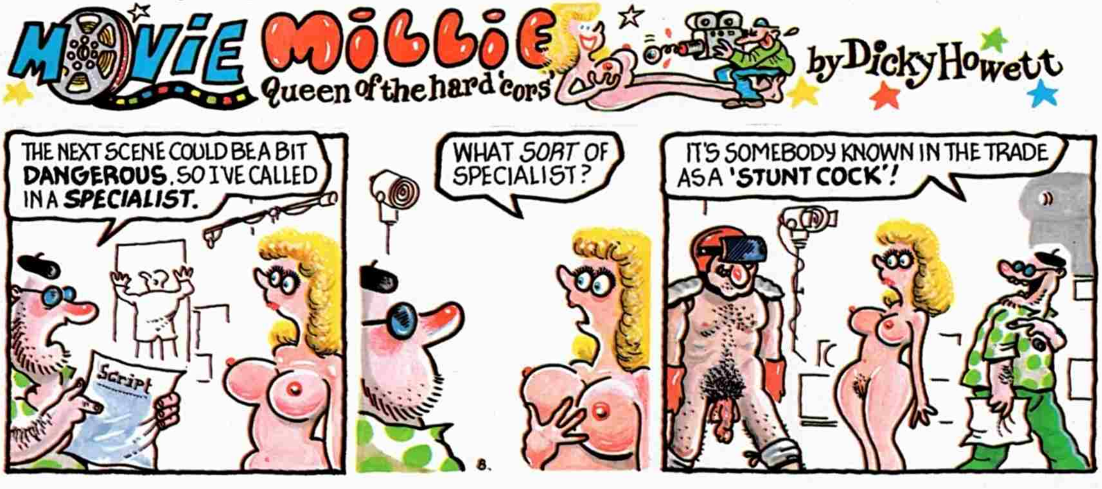
Indeed, if it wasn't for Linzi's Christmas party set in Vol 13 No 12, I would not have purchased it. The praise there must go to Marie Harper, who displays beautiful charms throughout this set. I would love to see Marie, with total shaven pubes, in her own six-page spread, and this brings me to the second letter, *Laudable Laura*.

I too hate the soft focus attempts by other magazines, applied for the Mary Whitehouse brigade, so please keep the clear, crisp shots of the female form. But, certainly, shaven pube shots are a must, and very fashionable at the moment. So, please, let's have better-quality girls than the ones in No 12, or I will have to revert to pornographic videos for real entertainment.

You've produced good work over the last few months, so please do not let standards slip.

DS, Huddersfield

We've no intention of doing that! – Ed.



MOVIE MILLIE
Queen of the hard 'cors'
by Dicky Howett
THE NEXT SCENE COULD BE A BIT DANGEROUS, SO I'VE CALLED IN A SPECIALIST.
Script
WHAT SORT OF SPECIALIST?
IT'S SOMEBODY KNOWN IN THE TRADE AS A 'STUNT COCK'!
8.

Silkolene
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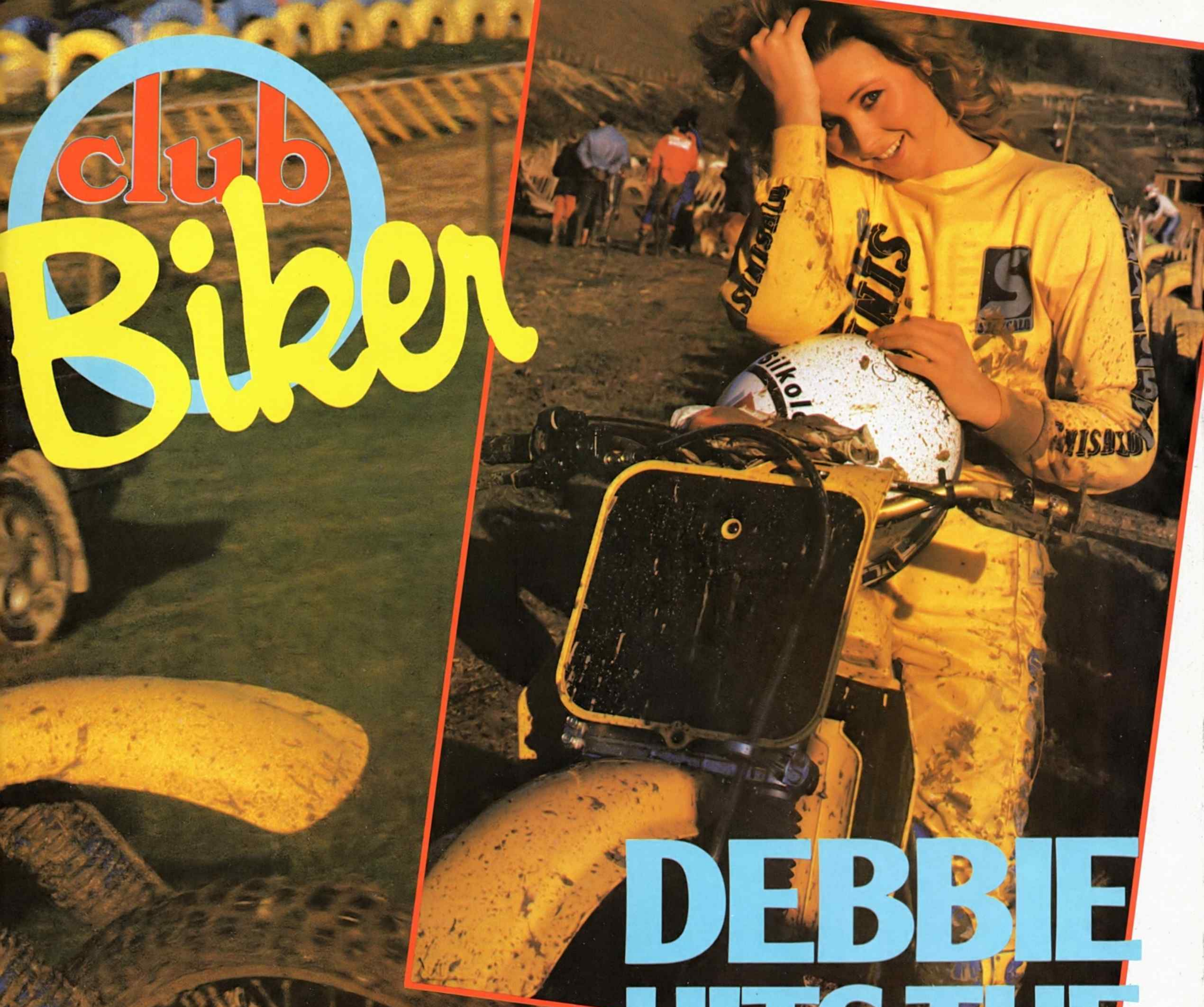

DEBBIE HITS THE DIRT

In motor cycling terms, four years is a very long time. Bikes are progressing so quickly all the time, a top-of-the-range model four years ago now looks very ordinary indeed compared to present-day bikes.

This was amply illustrated at Golding Barn Raceway near Brighton, where I rode my new 1985-spec RM 125 Suzuki moto crosser for the first time. The difference between that and my last racer, which was four years old, is just unbelievable!

The first thing that struck me about the Suzuki was its great appearance. Of course, I'd already seen it at the Olympia bike show, but looking at it gleaming in the Sussex sunshine, I wondered if it could really go as good as it looked.

Having had a walk around the Golding Barn course first (my usual pre-race routine), I'd reckoned it would need to be a good bike to get me around without

Photographs by David Crosswaite

SCOTT
RM125
SUZUKI
R

any hassles: long, steep climbs; an equally steep, rocky descent; demanding jumps . . . and mud. *Lots* of mud. When my boot sunk in, six inches deep in places, during my walkabout, I made a mental note to steer clear of that, while on the bike. Well, I didn't quite manage it, but more of that later.

In moto cross racing, the start is everything. Trying to make up lost ground after being left behind on the starting gate is a hard task. But I can't wait to show the boys in my next race just how quick my Suzuki gets off the line!

To be honest, the acceleration is so much fiercer than anything I've ridden on the dirt before, but I instantly felt at home on the bike. After just a little practice, you soon get the power harnessed and use it to your advantage.

Agile

In fact, the RM is so easy to ride, I would recommend it as a machine suited to novices as much as potential championship-winning riders. Compared to other moto crossers I've ridden, it's delightfully agile and very nimble through the turns. And the suspension coped well with all the rigours of the Golding Barn track.

There is a power band of course, but it's over a broader rev range than I'd expected, and it provides really crisp, sharp acceleration. On the long, fast climb up from the start, it was a revelation, front wheel pawing the air and the rear throwing up gravel as it powered on its way . . . leaving Suzuki off-road boss Graham Beamish's mad Alsatian the impossible job of trying to catch me up. He's a big, friendly beast, but he just loves attacking motor bikes – even Suzukis!

Now, that mud. One of the Golding Barn jumps is a fearsome thing – it has a really steep take-off, which means riders who really go for it take off at a ridiculous angle and almost go into orbit.

But for us mere mortals, the only way past is to simply ride over it and take your chances with the foot-deep muddy puddle on the other side of the drop.

You can probably guess the rest. On my second lap, I went whooshing into the puddle, stalled, and ended up giving myself and the Suzuki a mud bath we could well have done without! Woman and machine were well filthy, but moto cross is that sort of game, and us girls have to eat dirt along with the rest of them.

The difference between *nearly* eating dirt and actually falling

HERON
TEAM SUZUKI
125

off can often be down to a good set of brakes, and, again, the Suzuki scores high marks here. It features a disc brake at the front – new for this year – which is a welcome addition, considering the power output of the bike. All the Japanese 125 moto crossers now have disc front brakes.

Locked Wheel

The drum at the rear has to be treated with respect, or the back wheel will lock up, causing loss of control. This is one area where riding off-road helps to develop road-riding skills. Learning how to control a locked back wheel on the dirt – where any damage is often limited to hurt pride – is infinitely safer than encountering the experience for the first time on a busy A-road with juggernauts going in both directions and no promise of a soft landing. Young riders could do worse than sharpen up their machine-control skills by taking up moto cross.

With the new season just about in full swing, I'm raring to go and really looking forward to the challenge of trying to boost my personal performance to that of the race-winning bike I'll be riding. I'm confident it'll play a big part in pushing me a few places up the points table, and I'll certainly let you know how Team Club Suzuki fares over the coming months.

Finally, I'm really chuffed to read all the nice things you've been saying about me and *Club Biker*. I read every letter, so do keep them coming in.

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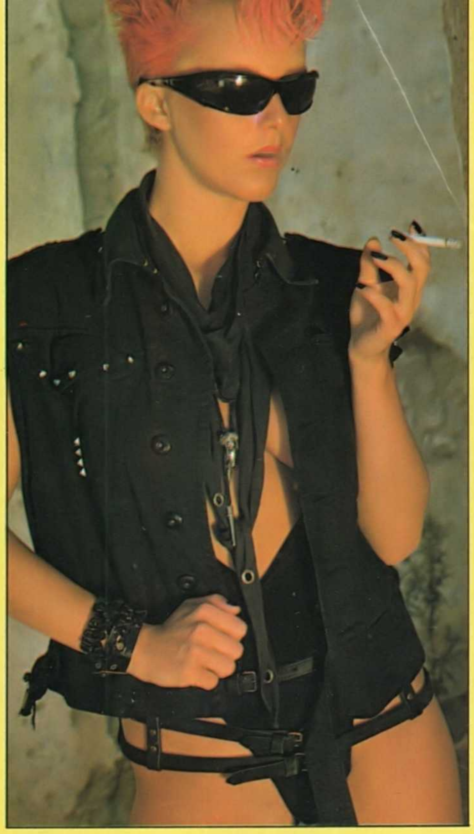
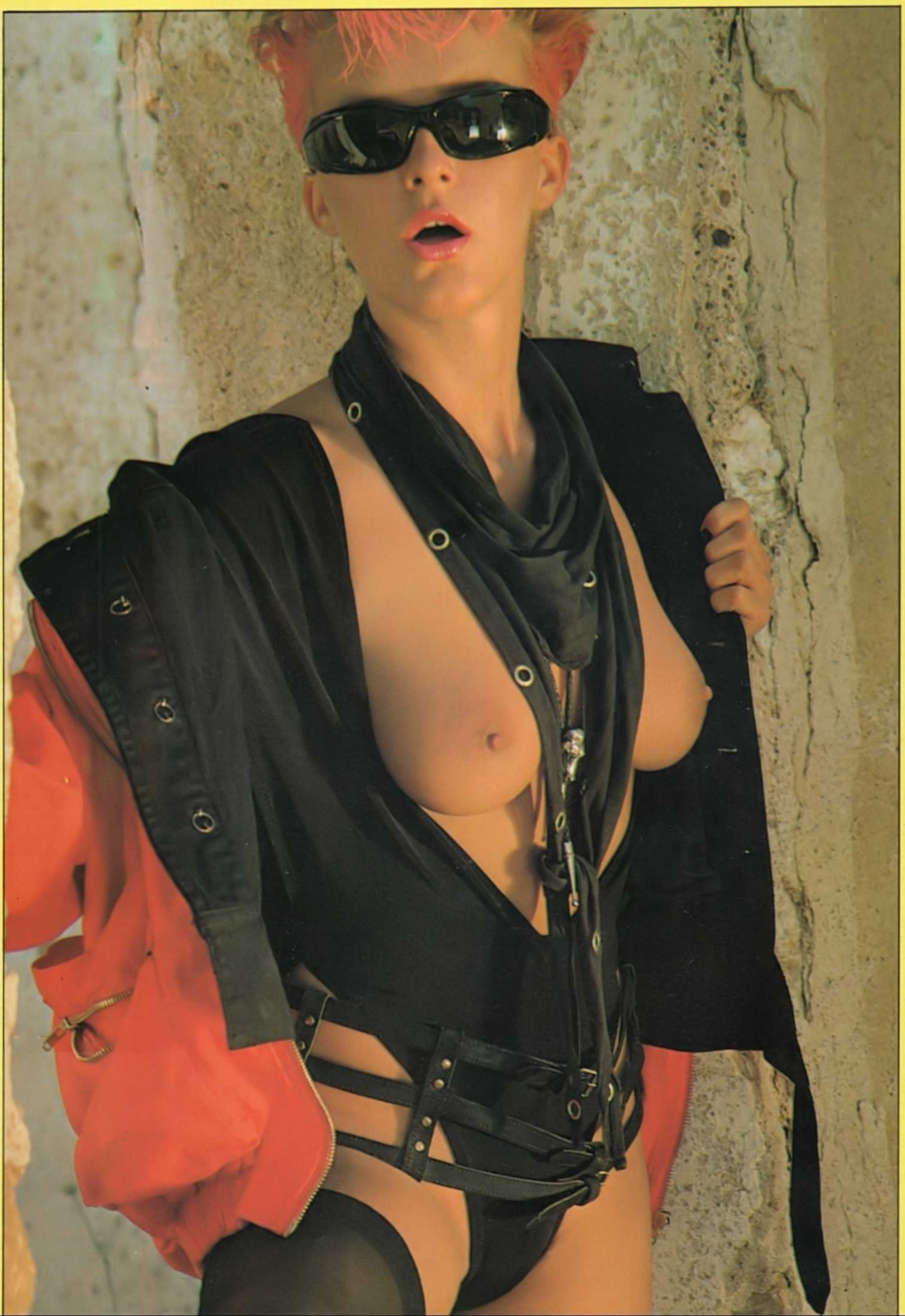
STEPHANIE

Photographs by Sarah Joyce





WOMEN'S Writes

Our women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

Left wanting for satisfaction by her husband, Carmel looks up an old boyfriend to fill her needs . . .

My heart was in my mouth when I heard John answer

I know my husband plays around. He's even had the gall to tell me about this one or that one while we were fucking; and he's introduced them to me at parties. And every time he learns a new technique we have to test it out – when he's got his energy back from trying it the first time, that is.

Earlier on I used to get a bit upset when he 'worked late' with his floosies, but then gradually (especially after being left wet and willing and unfulfilled time and time again) I began to see the advantage of having a bit on the side myself.

It wasn't so much of an advantage as a necessity. I've got quite a strong sexual urge and my husband's limp prick didn't help. And it didn't make matters any better knowing he'd been giving other women the benefit of a stiff poke with it while I sat at home fantasizing and frigging myself off.

So I got to the stage where I decided that I couldn't make do with fucking once a week (and even less probably as Neil got older). But I'm a housewife so there was no one at work I could have a fling with.

Tingling

I could have tried the milkman I suppose, but he wasn't my type – and it's not exactly discreet with a milk float parked outside your gate for an hour.

Then one day I got thinking about before I was married. My hand went to my fanny immediately when I remembered John, a very horny boyfriend.

I had a tingling in my cunt I hadn't felt so strong for ages. I peeled my panties off and lay back on the sofa with my legs spread wide open. I began to massage my hard clit thinking about the fucks John and I used to have.

He and I had a very horny physical relationship and we got on very well together too. My cunt used to be permanently soaking wet when I was going out with him, and it was getting very juicy now thinking about it.

We couldn't keep our hands off each other. He used to suck my pussy juices for hours on end. It used to make me come time after time. Then he'd fuck me like the clappers. I loved his hot come flooding inside me.

It seemed so vivid as I lay there masturbating on the sofa, making my pussy wetter, rubbing my clit faster. I remembered how John's cock was always hard for me like a bone. I climaxed violently imagining it pounding in and out of me.

I lay recovering and began to think maybe I should try to contact John. The more I thought about it the more I liked the idea. I hadn't seen him for some time though. But I thought a session with John was just the ticket right now.

I managed to find out his number by phoning his mother who still lived in the same place.

My heart was in my mouth when I heard John's voice answer. I thought I should forget about it and just put the phone down, but in the end the memory of our physical relationship won the day.

He was very pleased to hear from me, and funnily enough he said he'd been thinking about me a lot recently (it must be our ages). I knew what way he'd been thinking about me too. We arranged to meet in a small hotel that we used to go to.

Rendezvous

I was overjoyed – like when I was 20. I felt younger and intensely excited. I was wet the whole time waiting for our rendezvous.

I went to a lingerie shop and bought the sexiest underwear I could find and a nice outfit to go on top. I was as nervous as a girl on her first date.

On the arranged day I turned up. My heart was beating fast. I looked round the bar and there he was, as sexy and attractive as ever.

We hugged each other. That same warm feeling flooded through me. Just touching him again made me wet and horny. He'd already booked a room and we went straight up there.

'I still fancy you, even after all these years,' he said.

We kissed with our tongues deep in each other's mouth. He held me tight and pressed himself strongly against my body with his pelvis grinding into mine.

I felt his cock hard and upright. I couldn't wait to touch it and kiss it again. I was tingling all over at the thought.

I knelt down on the floor in front of him and undid his trousers. I pulled them down, running my palms along his still firm buttocks and thighs. And there it was in front of me – that beautiful cock, erect and hard, ready to fuck me.

I put my hand around it firmly at the base, squeezing just a little. I kissed the slippery glans softly and placed my lips around it and sucked it slowly into my mouth, relishing the contours of it. It tasted so good.

He smelt sexy and that smell was always something which turned me on about him.

My mouth moved backwards and forwards along his cock. He grabbed my head and pushed himself in deeper, groaning with pleasure. Then he made me stop before he came.

'I want to taste that pussy of yours again,' he said, and lifted me up and undressed me. I was at fever pitch when he touched my naked body.

He got totally undressed and went and lay down on the bed on his back.

My cunt was throbbing in anticipation of having his tongue going to work on my cunt and clit. I went and got on top of him.

My knees were either side of his face and my wet sex-hungry cunt right in front of it. I leant forward and once again sucked his cock into my mouth, while his tongue did its work on me.

He always did know the exact spot to wiggle his tongue to make me come, and he hadn't forgotten. He tongued away at my soft spot and, before much longer, I shuddered and climaxed ecstatically and poured my juices into his mouth which he swallowed with gusto.

By now his cock was too hard to contain. He got me to turn round and sit on his cock. As I slid down on top of it I felt myself coming again.

Thrusting

Then I worked up and down on it. I was going as fast as I could, faster and faster, and John was soon thrusting himself frantically upwards to meet me, holding on to my tits. His face contorted with pleasure and he groaned and flooded me with his hot come.

He lay back panting for breath, but I set to work on him again immediately, licking, kissing and massaging his body and wanking his cock till he was hard again – which didn't take too long. We had a lot of lost time to make up for.

After a whole day of wonderful fucking I felt ten years younger. We decided to make a regular thing of it, although not too regular.

But one day fucking with John every now and again and knowing I'm going to see him again keeps me more satisfied than the half-cocked (if he can manage that much) once a week fuck with my husband.

Carmel, York

Good friends share everything as Lizzy found out when her boyfriend got back from the Falklands with a fellow soldier . . .

My boyfriend Jim is in the army. I didn't see anything of him for six months recently as he'd been sent off to the Falklands to do his duty out there, which meant he wasn't around to do his duty for me.

Well, talk about sex starved when he got back. He walked straight through the door, pulling his dick out of his trousers. I barely had time to say hello before he grabbed hold of my arm and was dragging me into the bedroom.

He pushed me down on all fours, yanked my skirt up over my bum, pulled my knickers down and smacked his stiff dick right up me to the hilt in one go.

He banged it in about five or six times and came. Not that he had any intention of letting it end there. He wanted me to kiss, lick, sit on his dick – everything we could think of. He said he was sick of bloody wanking.

Mind you, I didn't need any encouraging. I was feeling as sex starved as he was (I'd done without for six months as well), and I couldn't wait to get hold of him.

He gave me a real good feeling up. His hands were all over me, rubbing and squeezing my tits and bum and sticking his fingers up my cunt. He couldn't get enough of my hot sticky cunt. He was up there with either his tongue, fingers and cock all the time. I think he would have got them all up at once if it was possible.

Two Men

We fucked every which way: me on top, from behind, the missionary position. Every time, Jim spunked really quickly, but that didn't make much difference. We kept screwing and coming until there wasn't any more spunk left in his balls. And he had six months' worth stored.

Later on Jim asked me if I'd ever been fucked by two men at the same time. I said I hadn't. Then he asked me if I'd like to. I laughed and said after six months of doing without I'd need two cocks to remember what it was like.

Then he told me about this mate of his, Alan, whom he'd got to be very good friends with in the Falklands. He said he'd shown Alan the nude pictures of me he had. Apparently Alan had said he really fancied me and he could give me one no problem. And, Jim said, he'd invited him to come and stay with us. He was coming the next morning.

Turned-on

I lay there thinking about it. I'd never thought about fucking

I didn't need any encouraging – I was as sex-starved as he was

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WOMEN'S Writes

with two blokes before. I discovered the idea really turned me on. Especially if it was two fit, randy army blokes. I didn't say anything to Jim though. He was asleep by now anyway.

The next morning, sure enough, Alan turned up on our doorstep. I answered the door. He had a twinkle in his eye and he obviously recognised me from my photograph. The thought made me a bit embarrassed because the pictures were a bit explicit.

Hunky

That evening we went out for a couple of drinks and then went back home quite early. Alan was very nice and charming and extremely hunky and good looking. We were sitting in the living room together and Jim got up and went out of the room. Alan came and sat next to me.

'You're lovely looking,' he said. 'I've heard a lot about you. Jim says you're a randy little girl. He said if you were willing he'd like us all to get together. I'd love to fuck you.'

I felt embarrassed but hot and suddenly very randy (like I was supposed to be). I had to cross my legs and I couldn't stop fidgeting because I felt so horny.

Then Alan took me in his arms and started kissing my face quickly. He'd undone my blouse and got his hands on my tits in a flash when I didn't push him off. I put my hand on his prick and rubbed up and down but it was already as hard as it could get.

He got hold of my legs under the knees, pulled them up and dived between them. He was on top of me, rubbing himself hard against me.

He hurriedly reached down and undid his flies and pulled his dick out. Holding it in one hand he nudged it against the wet crotch of my knickers. Then he stretched the gusset to one side and slid his dick up me.

He jerked backwards and forwards, jabbing into my love hole with short sharp strokes. He was oohing and aahing all over the place.

Then Jim came back in the room, and when he saw what was going on he said: 'Good girl, Lizzy.' Then he stripped off too.

His dick was already stiff as nails. He came and knelt on the arm of the settee and tried to shove it in my mouth. It was impossible with me on my back, but I stuck my long tongue out and licked it. When it was wet with saliva he rubbed it all over my face.

Alan was still on top of me, sucking my nipples and fucking my cunt. I felt like there were cocks everywhere.

Jim wanted me to turn over so I could suck his dick properly, so Alan let his stiff dick plop out of me. He took his trousers off while I turned on to all fours and took Jim's big wet prick in my mouth.

I was sucking away, really getting randier and randier as Jim pulled my knickers down and pinched and squeezed my bum cheeks and rubbed the blunt tip of his prick against them.

Then Alan was banging away at me again, this time more deeply, gripping hold of my bum to keep me steady. He was pounding so hard his balls were slapping against my fanny.

Swallowed

Jim was watching, fascinated, at Alan ramming his dick into me and it was obvious it really turned him on. I was sucking hard on his cock and he was moving himself fast in and out of my mouth. I lifted one hand and squeezed his balls gently. Immediately he stiffened and spunked loads of creamy come into my mouth, which I swallowed up.

Alan wasn't far behind in coming. After Jim had pulled out of my mouth I could buck back on to Alan's cock and he couldn't hold himself back when I did this. He let go with his come and squirted it deep in my cunt.

I still hadn't come. I was full of spunk and horny as hell. While the lads sat back and watched I played with myself in front of them. Alan's spunk was dribbling out of my cunt, trickling down my crack and tickling me. I rubbed my clit with two fingers in my cunt. My muscles were going apeshit squeezing tightly round them.

Alan's and Jim's cocks were stirring back to life, twitching and waving up and down.

As I came Jim rushed over to me and guided his prick in and started pumping into me. Both cocks were ready to go again by this time. I took both cocks in my hands and gave them both a good fast wank. At the end of it they both came all over my body.

After a whole evening of this we were all knackered and we all went to bed together. Very nice it was too, sleeping in between two sexy men.

Alan stayed for two weeks and we didn't pass an evening without getting up to something naughty. When he left I really meant it when I said: 'Come and stay again soon.'

Lizzy, Crawley

Life began at 40 for Jocelyn when she met Peter . . .

I was a virgin until I was 40. Not because I'm frigid, but because I never took the opportunities that came my way.

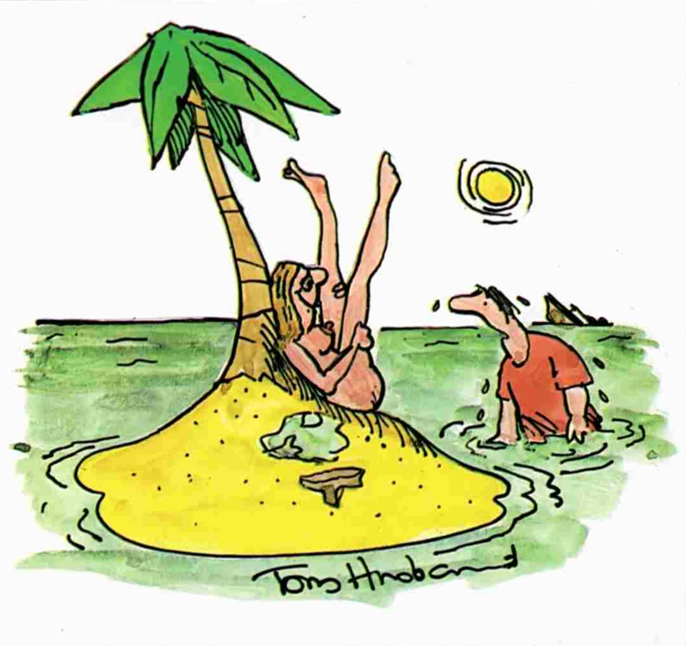
When I was younger one saved oneself for the right man, and my parents kept a watchful eye on me to make sure I did. Then as I got older I didn't have time to form a relationship as I had to look after my mother who was ill and depended on me after my father died. I spent all my time working and then rushing home to look after her in the evenings, so I never had the freedom to form any kind of relationship with anyone.

Relief

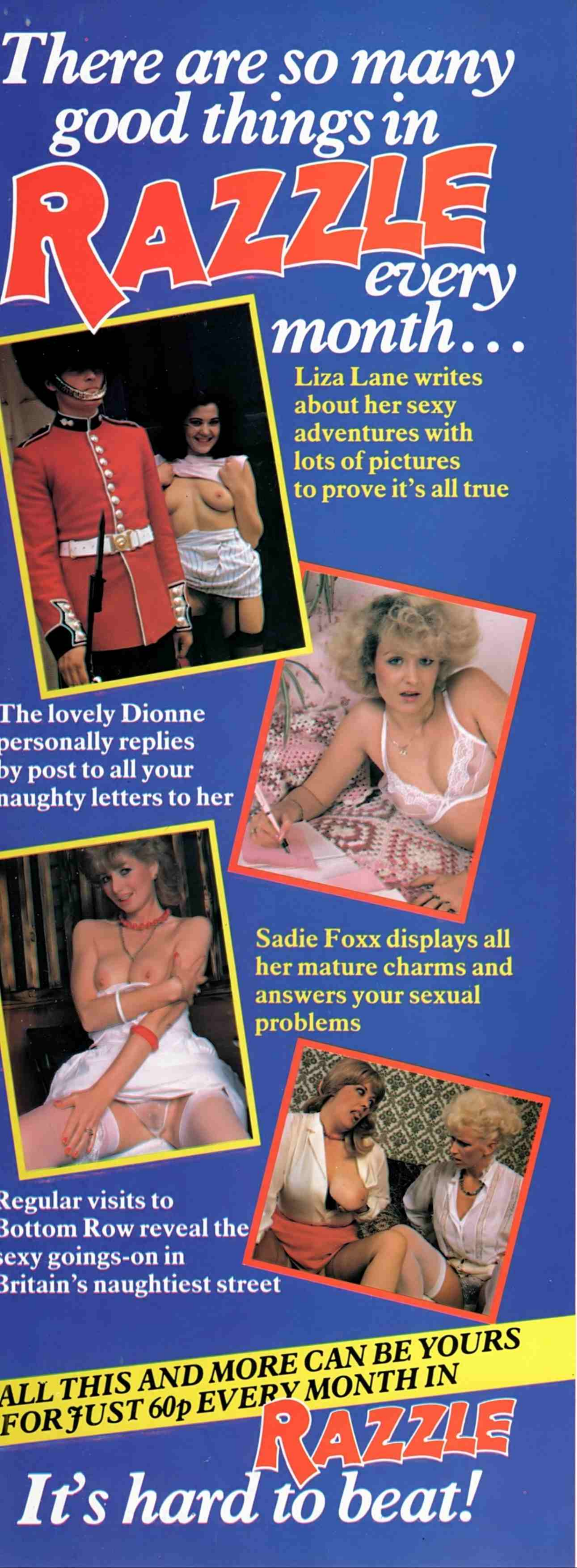
After my mother died I felt a great sense of relief. But then I realized I didn't have a social life or a lover to fill the gap and I was very lonely. I'd come back from work and spend whole evenings wondering what to do with myself – and the rest of my life.

I knew I was elegant and still attractive, even young looking for my age, but I never thought of myself as sexual. It just hadn't been a part of my life up to now (although like anybody else I had experienced sexual desires), and I'd been too preoccupied to do anything about it anyway.

Then one day, coming back from work, I met the most attractive man I'd ever laid eyes on at the entrance to the flats where I live. He'd just moved in.



I take it you've been on this island a long time



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WOMEN'S Writes

I wanted to rub my body against his and make him touch me all over

He introduced himself to me as Peter. He was very friendly and suggested I go up to his flat the next evening for a drink. I felt confused and blushed, but I accepted.

I couldn't wait for the next evening to come. I lay in bed that night having the most outrageous thoughts. Try as I might to stop it, my mind kept wandering off, imagining Peter with a huge erection wanting to fuck me.

Sensitive

I went for the drink with him and it all passed off without incident. Except that, with every passing second, I became more and more aware of my cunt getting wet, my thighs getting hot and my nipples feeling very sensitive beneath my bra.

If I'd had the audacity, I would have opened my legs and said: 'Fuck me, Peter. Fuck me.' But, of course, one simply doesn't say that sort of thing over a gin and tonic.

As I was leaving, Peter said he'd like to take me out to dinner on Friday night. I accepted without giving it a second thought. He gave me a peck on the cheek, which made me thrill to the bones. I wanted to rub my body against his and make him touch me all over. I wondered if he had similar feelings towards me.

I realized he did when we went out on our date. He'd arranged a candlelit dinner in an intimate corner of a very nice restaurant. We sat next to each other. It was a small table and our legs touched under it, but neither of us moved away. I'd never had such a strong craving to be filled with a man's cock. I could think of nothing else.

As we sat waiting for the bill, I felt Peter's hand sliding up my leg. I was so aroused, I could feel my panties getting gradually damper. I let my legs fall open and Peter's hand continued up to my hot crotch and stroked it.

It was all I could do to stop myself having an orgasm in the restaurant as his fingers touched my clitoris through my panties. I was breathing very heavily as it was – much to the amazement of the waiter, who offered to bring me a glass of water.

When we were in the car going home, Peter suddenly said: 'I'd like you to spend the night with me.'

I said yes almost before he'd finished his sentence. Now that a man had managed to make me feel so horny, I wanted to go all the way. In fact, I don't mind admitting I was desperate to.

Strong Arms

We got into his flat and, straight away, Peter wrapped his strong arms around me and kissed my lips and neck. Suddenly he was giving me painful little bites that made me gasp with pleasure.

Then he stopped and led me into his bedroom, where he proceeded to undress both me and himself. He told me to lie on the bed, which I did in a shot – lying there with my legs wide open, anticipating his hard cock entering me with a mixture of fear and longing.

He lay his naked body on top of me and cupped my firm breasts in his hands.

Excited

I felt his erect cock against my upper thighs. I never imagined it would feel so hard and the prospect of it penetrating my tight virgin cunt excited me. I wanted it so badly.

I urged him to enter me. He complied with my wants eagerly – and in no time he was forcing himself into my very wet and very tight cunt.

I was a bit tense at first, as the first cock I'd ever had stretched the walls of my cunt apart and kept on burrowing slowly deeper. It was magnificent.

Once his cock was in, I jerked my hips and twisted myself around on it, relishing the wonderful sensation. Peter said he'd never felt a cunt as tight as mine and so I then admitted I'd never been fucked before. He was surprised, but he believed me and said we'd take it easy this time.

He moved slowly in and out of me and I was so carried away I wanted him to fuck me faster. I wanted to be fucked senseless. I couldn't get enough.

I had a marvellous intense orgasm with his cock inside me and my juices flooded out on to the sheets.

It was incredible the way Peter got turned on when I orgasmed. It made him ram into me harder and faster. His muscles were already firm, but then he tensed them, groaned and stabbed rhythmically into my body. When he'd stopped, I felt the warm viscous liquid he'd pumped into me. I dipped my finger in it and tasted it. It was tangy and made me feel randier than before.

I couldn't go to sleep that night to save my life. I spent the whole night caressing every part of his body; exploring, kissing and licking. I must say it was well worth the long wait.

But I haven't had to wait at all during the past few months as Peter and I have a very sexy relationship and spend most of our time together. In fact, we're thinking of doing it full time and getting married.

Jocelyn, Dorset

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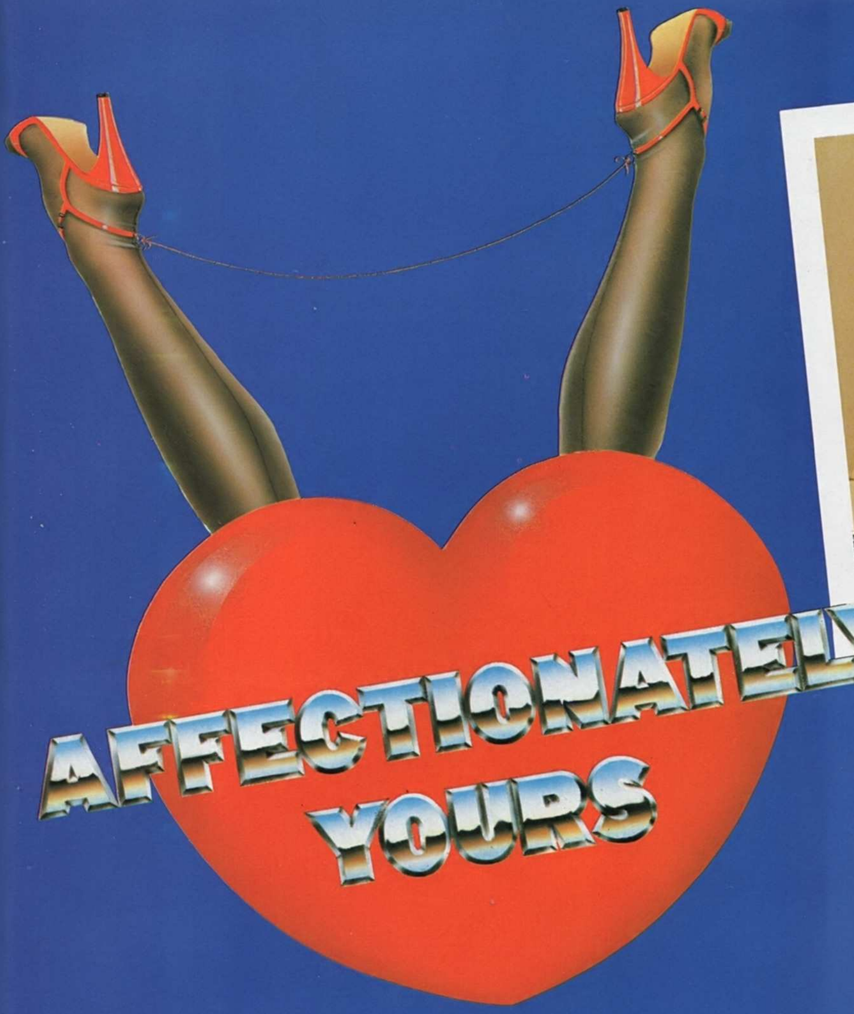

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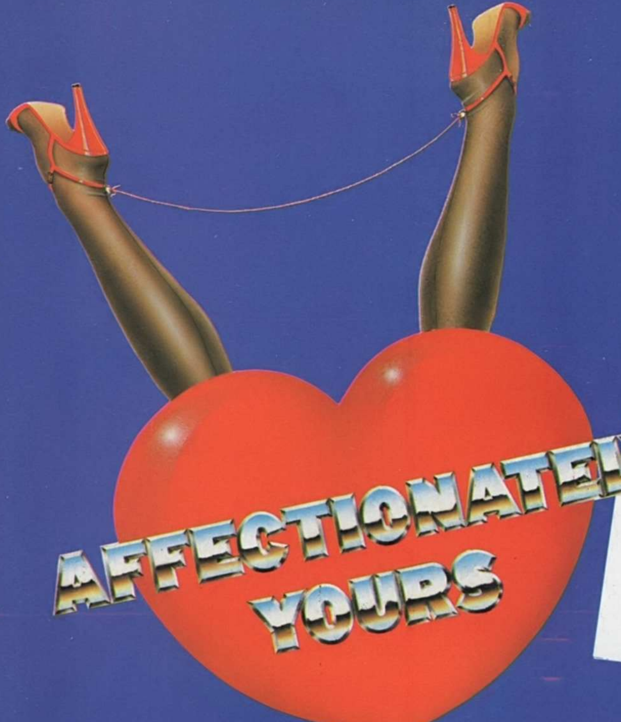
These pages belong to you, the reader, to let you show off your nearest and dearest. As well as making a lot of people very happy, you'll be paid £25 for each entry, regardless of the number of photographs used. Sorry, but we can't guarantee return of pictures.

Top: Don't know where Angela shops for her clothes, but let's hope she keeps going there and keeps us up to date!
Above: A slim, sexy and anonymous young lady from Hampshire.



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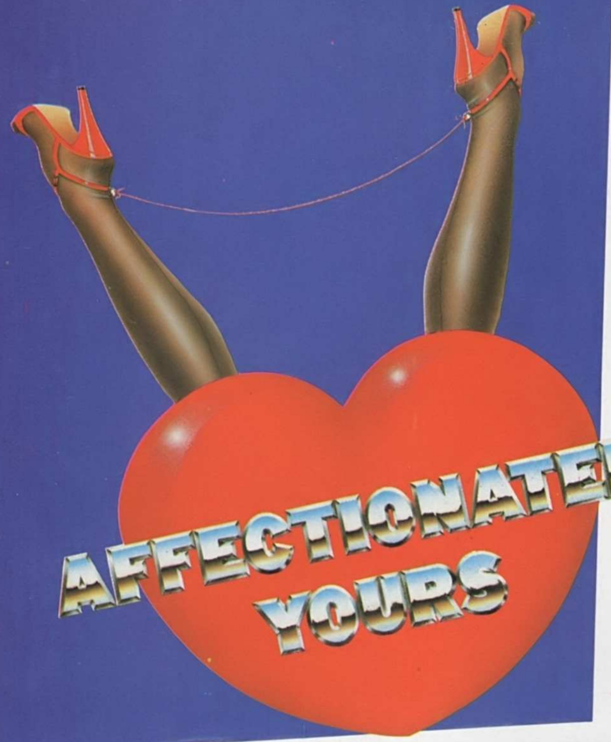


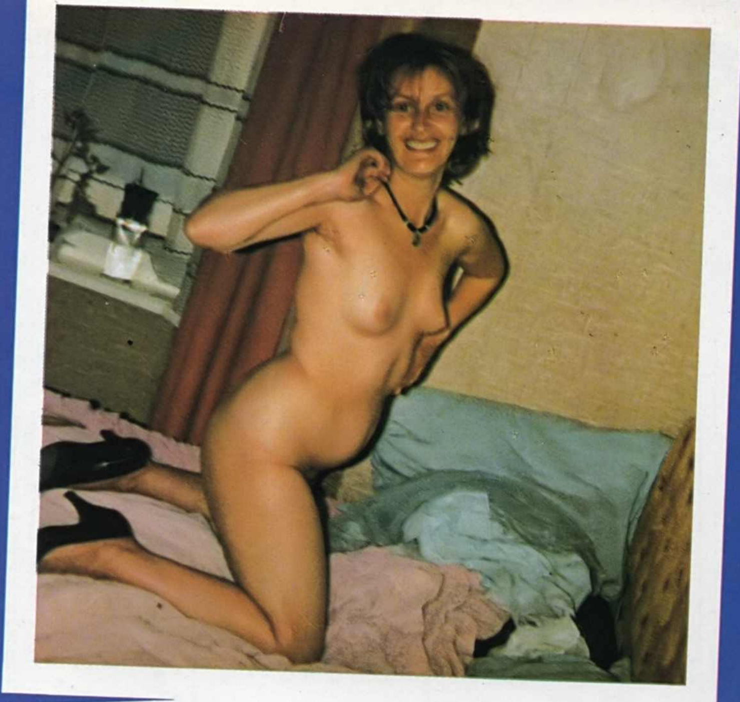
This page: The female form at its nicest: that's our opinion of Debra, from Manchester.

Above: This Ayrshire lass might want to remain anonymous, but she's obviously not shy . . .

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

This page: Glyn, you've made us a very jealous lot by sending us these pics of your girlfriend, the delightful Tracy.

Right: Great to see someone so happy in what they do – these shots of May certainly cheered us up.



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BEAUTIFUL sexy lady, bored, seeks randy men for sexy fun. Box 5621296.

ATTRACTIVE housewife, 32, seeks clean discreet non-smoking, young men for threesomes, Husbands approval, photo, phone. Box 562210.

ATTRACTIVE, frustrated nympho offers sexciting holidays to randy studs in secluded villa where "Anything goes", young couples also. Costa Del Sol for fun in the sun. Send £1 for full details. Box 562204.

MALE 40, seeks extra marital sex with female, Orpington. Box No. 562194.

TENERIFE Holiday free! Couple offers accommodation to bi-females, couples. Revealing photo with reply, please. Box No. 562193.

ATTRACTIVE man 22, requires sensual tuition and enhancement by females 18-40 years, reply soon, am eager, Londonish area. Box 562192.

ABERDEEN, discreet male, aged 23, seeks ladies 18 to 35. Box No. 562190.

TALL good looking coloured doctor seeks randy lady London/East Anglia area. Box No. 562185.

GOOD looking young rep, 22, seeks ladies 18-37 for sexy fun. Anytime, discreet. Photo appreciated. East Anglia/Esex/Kent area. Box 562162.

SEXY blonde 22, seeks gents for horny fun, anywhere. No fees, but please send £2 for photo and reply. Box 562159.

SWAP share wife's photo and correspondences. Box 562164.

LONDON, good looking generous professional man (39) seeks attrractive secretary 18-30 for one/two afternoons per week. No typing, shorthand or office skills needed. salary + perks. Box No. 562209.

EXHIBITIONIST woman 40 plus wanted by Birmingham gent to watch you do your thing in your home. Daytime couple considered, photo, phone, Box No. 562165.

ATTRACTIVE w/e male 25, seeks girls, couples for sexy fun. London. Box 562166.

DUNDEE male, 28, seeks female (18-35) for sexy fun. Box NO. 562174.

N. IRELAND attractive couple 23/27 seeks females/couples, fun friendship, can accommodate, coloured welcome, also correspondence. Box 562173.

MATURE lady sought by male 24 for sexy fun, London. Box 562172.

COUPLE 30 seek friendship and naughties from similar couple in Hampshire. Genuine. Box No. 562094.

MALE model will pose nude, womens groups, housewives, Coventry. Box No. 562145.

ATTRACTIVE sexy couple 20/30s, kent, seeks both sexers for fun and photography, photo appreciated, genuine. Box No. 562146.

YOUNG housewife wishes to meet w/e men for fun and photography, Strathclyde or any area. Undraped photo, phone number with reply. Box No. 562147.

BOX NUMBERS
REPLIES
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PETERBOROUGH male, 20 seeks female for fun/friendship. Photo please. Box No. 562168.

SENSUAL Moroccan, 38, French educated, Geneva based, seeks housewives 20-32 for refined mutual pleasure, erotic, w/e, photo appreciated. Box 562236.

ATTRACTIVE man, 22 requires sensual tuition and enhancement by females 18-40 years, reply soon, am eager, Londonish area. Box 5629192.

DORSET professional male 30s seeks attractive female 20s for mutual fun. Discretion assured. Photo essential. Box 562238.

MALE 19 seeks bored woman 18 to 35 for fun and exitement. Lambeth area. Box 562458.

PROFESSIONAL television comedy writer, male 42, wants girl 18-35 or couple for friendship and erotic role-playing games. Photo appreciated, a.l.a. London/anywhere. Box 562481.

TWO girl challenge. Handsome male executive, age 40 seeks the friendship of two attractive girls 18 to 20, who must be mates for wining, dining, seaside romps and plenty of sexy fun. Send photo, letter, a.l.a., Cheshire, Staffordshire, lancashire, Yorkshire. Box 562468.

MALE maid requires position, 30-year-old obedient, submissive, hardworking, clean and discreet, full or part time. Box 562477.

ATTRACTIVE male stripper available for small house parties, ladies only. Merseyside area. Box 562473.

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ATTRACTIVE professional couple (Buckingham) seek males/females/couples up to 38yrs for warm fulfilling relationship. photo essential, a.l.a. Box 562463.

GLASGOW Asian male, 26, seeks females (18-30) for sexy fun, photo, phone number appreciated. Box 562462.

BORED? Ditto, young attractive intelligent male, interested? Box 562460.

GIRLS wanted for all girl video photos. Genuine. Box 562459.

HARTLEPOOL area, pretty fun-loving blonde lady, 22 seeks naughty, nice generous gentleman over 35. Box 562452.

MALE 24, seeks correspondence/meetings with rude ladies. Reply promised. Box 562448.

GENTLEMAN. Creative, well-travelled, non-smoker, athletic 6′2″, single and 39, seeks bright, vivacious woman 30-40 for weekends away, theatre,dining, humour, honest sex and zest for life, London or near. First advert. Box 562244.

HERTS, London area. Stunning 40 year old lady with voyeur husband seek W/E discreet gentleman for total pleasure, photo please, returned with mine. A.L.A. Box 562242.

SAILOR, 37 with luxury yacht, off round world, seeks sexy attractive girl(s) to share fun. Box 562239.

MALE 24, seeks experienced female 20-40 for tuition, no fees, undraped photo please, interests:– Salvery, spanking, Sheffield area. Box 562238.

ATTRACTIVE male 42 yrs, seeks randy ladies for fun in Dartford area. Photo appreciated. Box 562235.

KENT, attractive couple f28/m30 seek attractive couples for fun (first timers) no hardies, please. Send photo and telephone number, discretion assured, must be clean. Box No. 562232.

HUMBERSIDE couple seek bi-female 20-30 for mutual pleasure, photo plese. Box No. 562105.

DERBYSHIRE male seeks females 18-35 for sexy correspondence and tuition. Box No. 562107.

MALE 52, Beckenham seeks female to correspond. Telephone or visit and enjoy 'O'. Box No. 562108.

MALE 23, seeks bi-females, housewives, etc., for photos, fun. Wilts. Box No. 562176.

RANDY London, male virgin, 19 seeks tuition. Women 18-35, your place, will travel. Box No. 5622311.

SHY Male, 24, seeks ladies for friendship/sexy fun. Photo appreciated. Box No. 562216.

HOUSEWIFE has naughty homemade for sale £15.00. Box No. 562183.

SOMERSET young housewife (over 18) seeks men for watersports D.I.Y., spanking etc. Box No. 562213.

GLASGOW tall, dark and even handsome, single 33 year old, well educated male, wishes to meet singles/couples for anything goes, sexy fun, can accommodate or travel, full discretionexpected and given, photo appreciated. Box No. 562189.

ATTRACTIVE couple late 20s seek similar for fun evenings,photo please, our byreturn, genuine first timers, Surrey area.

MALE 25, seeks attractive ladies/Housewives 20 to 35 for sexy fun. No fees. Your place. Genuine replys. Photo appreciated, Hull/Humberside area. box No. 562187.

MALE 35, single, seeks female 35/45 for mutual plesure, weekends/evenings, photo please, genuine replies, only Essex. Box No. 562181.

MALE, 25, black, very, very randy seeks sexy attractive female for fun 18-40, affternoons, send photo. W. London. Box No. 562182.

SEXY Sue, will send used panties, sexy letter, £5. Box 561941.

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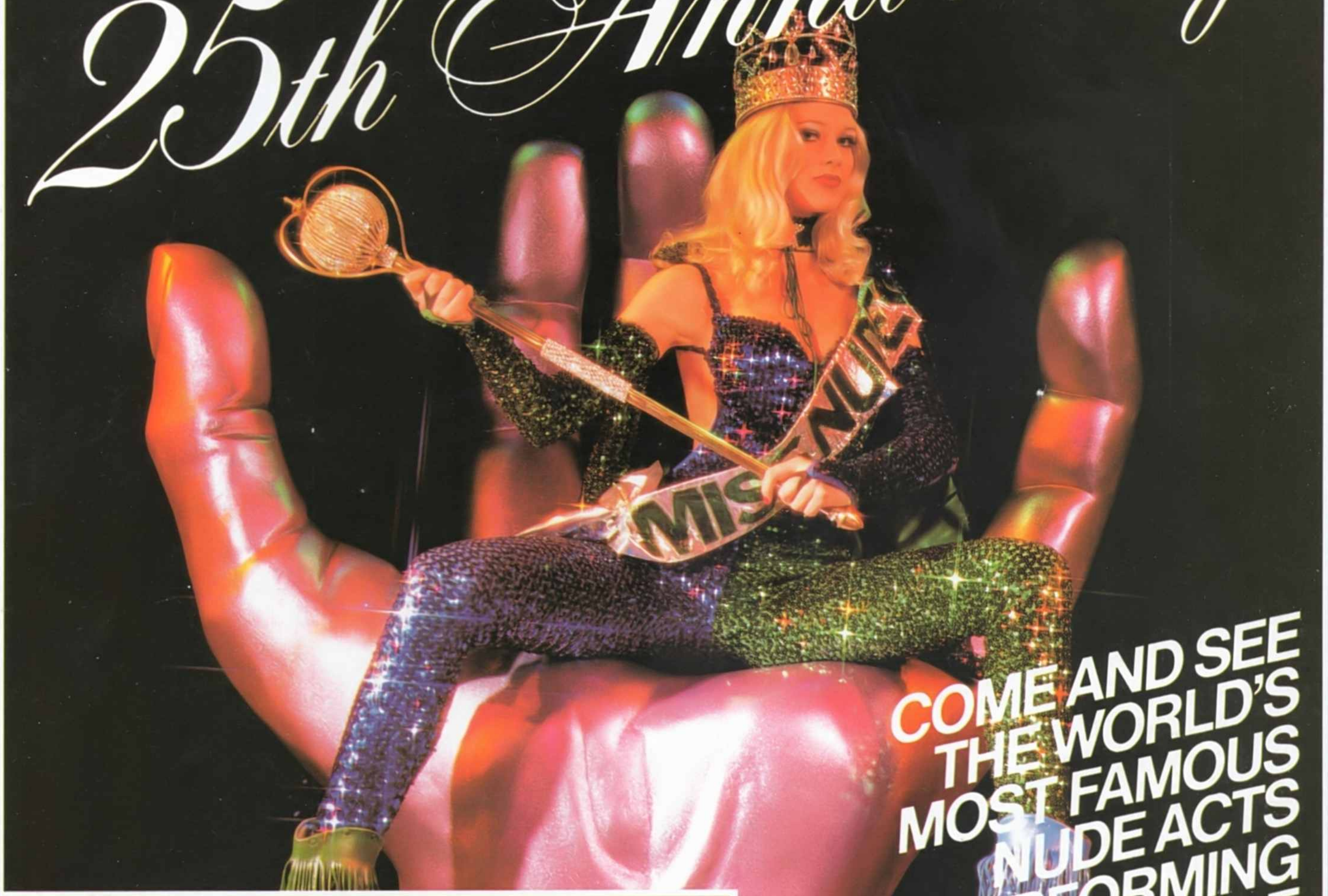

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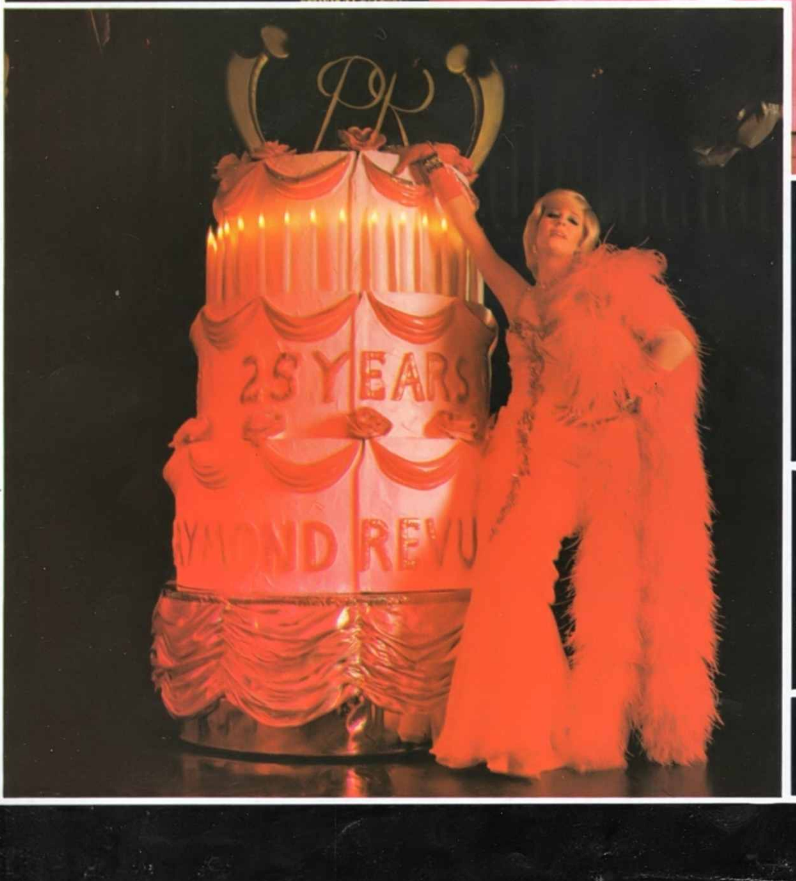

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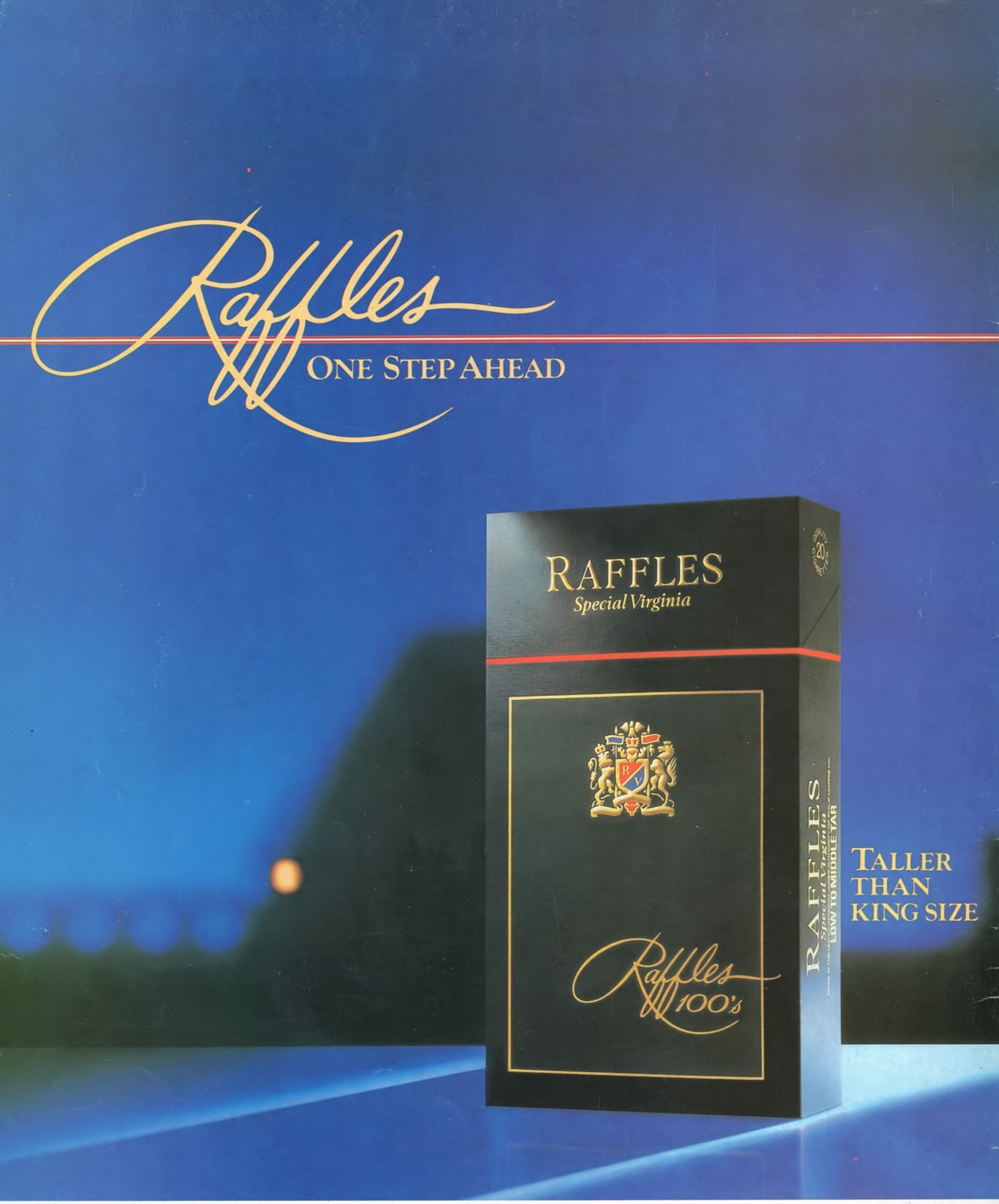
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